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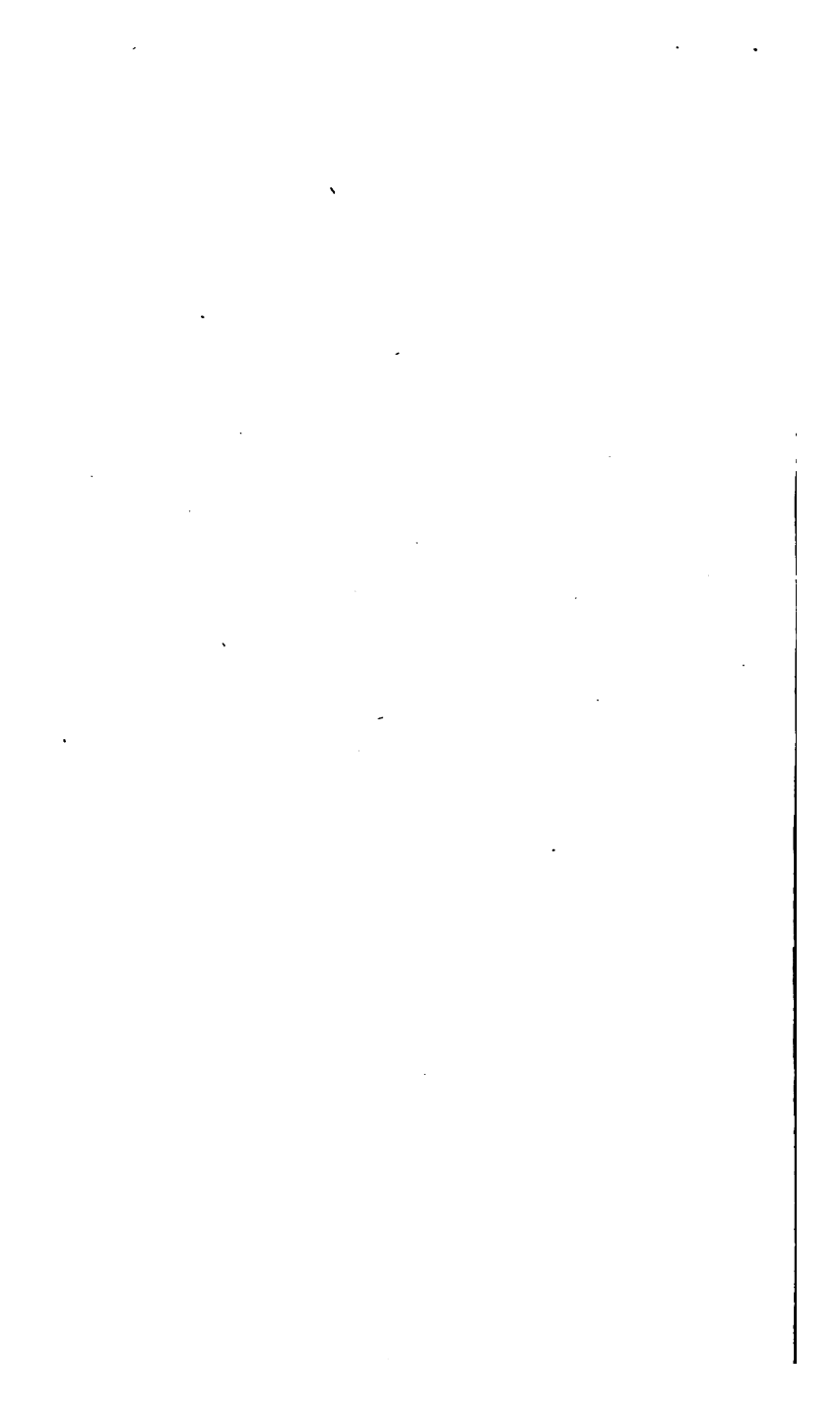
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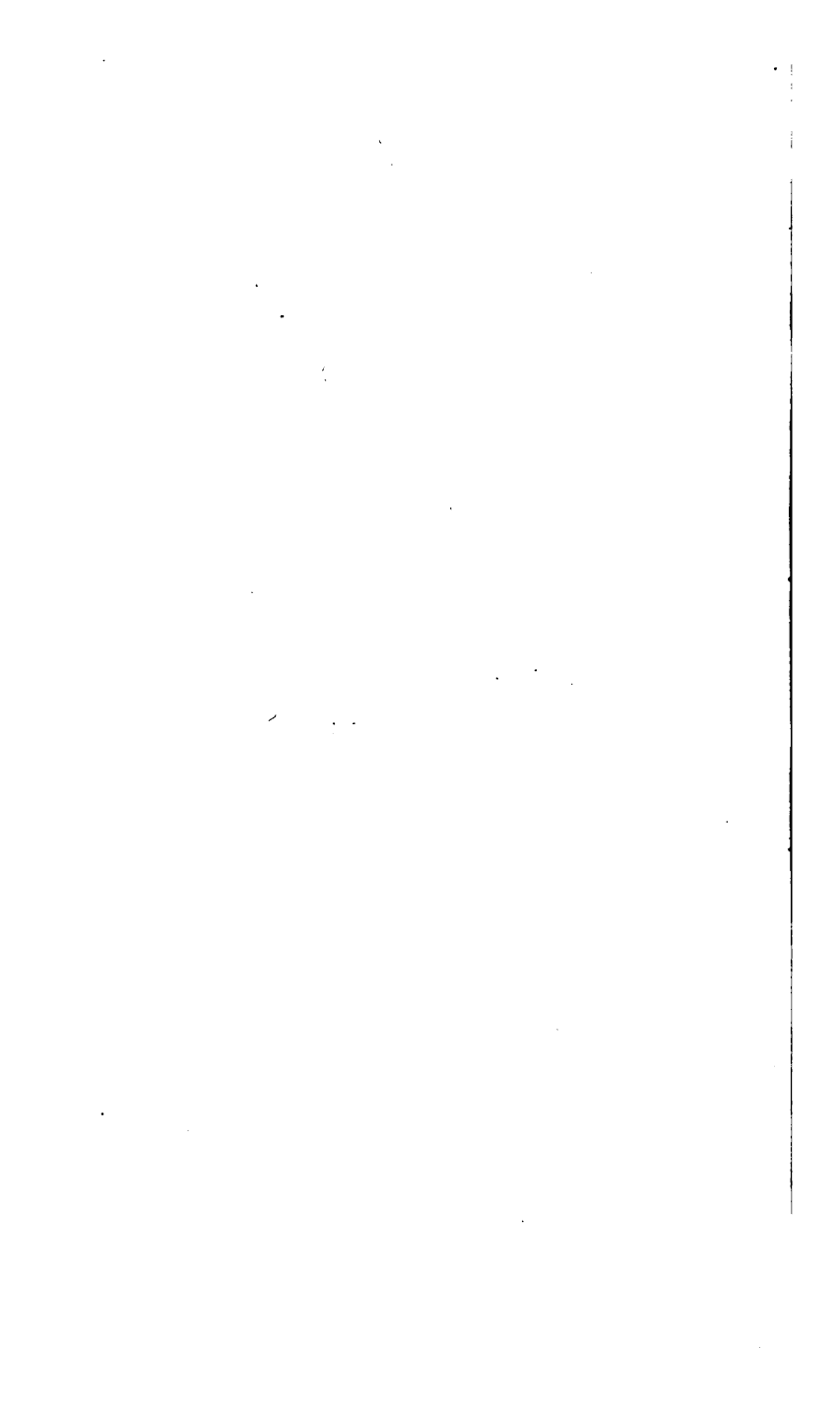


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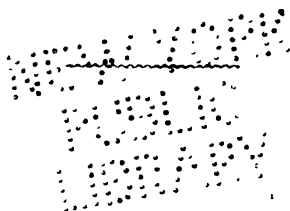




HIEROSOLYMA,

AND

MILTON'S DREAM.

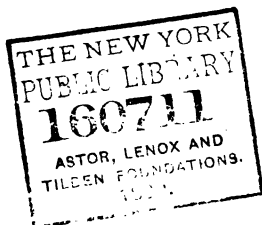


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# HIEROSOLYMA,

OR,

THE LAST DAY IN THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

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## PART FIRST.

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Thy voice, O God, is pleasant as the sound  
Of harping music by the night-winds breathed,  
Born of the crystal spheres, whose starry dance  
Moves circling round in full, eternal prime.  
Ere the high hills were raised, or from the depths  
Of dark-wombed Chaos Earth rejoicing came ;  
Before the heavens were spanned, and its bright orbs  
Rode shining in the pure, ethereal blue ;  
Or ever from his central throne, the sun  
In radiant streams his morning glories poured,  
And later evening beams ; forever sure,  
Thy Being was, and shall forever stand.  
And not less glorious when in Eden's shades  
And pleasant garden-walks, in the deep noon  
And dreamy twilight hour, amid sweet smells  
Left by the flowers that sleep on dewy beds,  
Thy footsteps milder came ; speaking to him,  
Our happy Parent, happy once, above  
All reach of mortal thought ; for us, alas,  
Since fallen, and fallen, how deep ! how low ! to whom  
No more the gentle music now is given,  
Or voice of angel, with his winged plumes  
Cleaving empyreal air ; though not unknown,

And ever to demand the heart's full love,  
Comes the bright promise of these latter days,  
When angels sung in Bethlehem their songs,  
And glad hosannas rung through earth and heaven.  
Would that the flaming Minister who stands  
Above the throne of glory lifted high,  
Might come, as to the Prophet once of old,  
With his live, burning coal and seraph voice—  
"Lo, this has touched thy lips, and thou art pure."  
So in fit strain and high, the notes might be  
Of lofty song sublime. Yet still do thou,  
O Comforter Divine, thy influence breathe,  
And hither let the Heavenly Dove descend,  
Who with the rustling of his dewy wings  
Calls the pure spirit forth; so higher far,  
Shall the glad tribute rise; with some faint touch,  
Worthy perhaps those old, remembered bards,  
Who called in meaning, and Urania came.

Of old, before the holy prophets spoke  
By voice divine, in tongues of flame, to warn  
That people, chosen by the living God,  
And called in promise to possess the land,  
They and their seed forever; the Canaanite,  
Thence named from him who with unrighteous hand  
Exposed his father's nakedness, nor knew  
That love and duty ever should be one,  
And both most pleasant in the sight of heaven,  
Here had his habitation, and afar  
In lonely caves and desert wilds he dwelt,  
And the pure worship of his Maker turned  
To foul idolatry and rites profane,  
Worse than those heathen mysteries which since  
The elder bards in fables dreamed and feigned,  
Or wove in harmonies of classic song.  
Him had the Almighty in fixed purpose sure,  
When faithful Abraham, called to journey south  
With all his flocks and cattle, left the place  
Where he sojourned, land of Chaldean Ur,

And passed the ford of Haran, caused to move  
Before the Patriarch's band, who thence their tents  
Through all the neighbouring plains outspread,  
Which far from Jordan to the sea extend,  
And south, to the great desert on the frontier coast.  
So from his kindred and his father's house,  
Unto a land unknown God called him forth,  
To make his name among the nations great,  
And bless through him the families of earth.  
And when from Egypt he returned, and stood  
Near Hai and Bethel, by the altar there,  
Where first he called upon the Lord by name,  
In that same day the Lord a covenant made  
Betwixt the furnace and the fiery lamp,  
And said, Unto thee will I give this land,  
From Egypt to the river Euphrates;  
And unto many nations shalt thou be  
A father, and kings shall come out of thee.  
And after thee unto thy seed, the land  
Wherein thou art a stranger, all the land  
Of Canaan, in possession everlasting,  
Will I give them, and I will be their God.  
Thus was the Patriarch blessed, and with the eye  
Of inward faith, his spirit saw revealed,  
All that in promise God to him had given.  
Nor unremembered in that solemn hour,  
When heaven required the first-born sacrifice  
On Mount Moriah; there the altar burned,  
There bound the victim lay, and by him stood  
The Father of the faithful—rightly called—  
So shall the faithful ever know their God.  
Then full of years, and in a good old age  
He died, and in the cave of Machpelah  
Was buried, looking wide o'er Mamre's plain,  
Which as a garden spread; and thither oft  
Have pilgrims turned their pious feet, to stand  
Beside the sepulchre of him, from whom  
Came Judah's Princes, David's Royal Line,

And last, Messiah, King and Lord of all.

The elder Patriarch slept. Meanwhile arose,  
Twin-born though younger, the supplanter, who  
His brother's birth-right stole, and so received  
The blessing, Jacob thence his name was known ;  
Called in the providence of God to fill  
An honoured station, and become the head  
Of many tribes ; and though, at first, such acts  
Might seem unjust, yet better are His ways  
Who all things knows, and in his counsels sure  
Ordains and regulates the wills of men.  
Witness the name of Esau, to this day,  
A bye-word with the nations ; and when one  
Is pointed at and marked, not being wise  
But careless, taken in, and spoiled of that  
Which by small prudence he might still have kept,  
The laugh is turned against him, and we say,  
He sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

Now after Isaac thus had blessed his son,  
When Esau lifted up his voice and wept,  
Saying, bless me, me also, O my father,  
Jacob arose and went to Bethuel's son  
In Padan-aran ; and near Beersheba,  
The grove which Abraham planted, when he called  
Upon the everlasting God, he came  
Unto a place unknown, and tarried there  
Because the sun was set ; and for his head,  
He made a pillow of the stones around,  
And slept, and dreamed ; and lo, a ladder reached  
From earth to heaven, and on it angels passed  
Ascending and descending ; and he heard,  
As from above, a voice which spoke to him,  
And he awoke, and was afraid, and said,  
Surely the Lord was here around me, though  
I knew it not. How dreadful is this place !  
It is none other than the house of God,  
The very gate of heaven. And he arose,  
And there he vowed a vow unto the Lord.

And after that, the hosts of God he saw  
 In Mahanaim; and yet once again,  
 When with his sons, his servants, and his wives,  
 He passed the ford of Jabbok in the night,  
 And there was left alone. And until day,  
 A man was wrestling with him, nor prevailed  
 Until he touched the hollow of his thigh,  
 And put it out of joint: and then he spoke,  
 And blessed him, saying, now henceforth thy name  
 Shall Israel be called, for thou hast power  
 With God and men, and so hast here prevailed.  
 Then Jacob let him go, and said, This place  
 Is Peniel, for I here have stood, and here  
 Have seen God face to face. And he went on,  
 And passed o'er Penuel as the sun arose,  
 Halting upon his thigh.

And unto Israel many sons were born,  
 Princes among their tribes, strong in the land  
 And mighty; but the youngest born he loved  
 Exceedingly above his brethren; he  
 It was who dreamed, and lo, his brothers' sheaves  
 Paid reverence unto his and bowed; for which  
 They hated him still more; then secretly  
 They sold him to the Midianites, and they  
 Again to the Egyptians, where he lived,  
 And prospered over all in Pharaoh's house.  
 But Jacob rent his clothes, and mourned for him,  
 Nor would be comforted for many days.

Now there arose a famine in the land,  
 And every where seed-time and harvest failed,  
 And all the fountains of the heavens were sealed,  
 In Egypt only was there bread. For God  
 By the interpretation of a dream,  
 Had given to Joseph wisdom and great power,  
 Foreseeing things to come; and he had filled,  
 During seven years of plenty in the land,  
 Storehouses, magazines of corn, and barns  
 With all the yield of that rich harvesting.

For Pharaoh from his finger took his ring.  
And put it upon Joseph's hand, and in  
A vesture of white linen him arrayed,  
And hung about his neck a golden chain,  
And made him ruler over all his house.  
Thus was the providence of God fulfilled.

The fame of that great plenty went abroad  
Through all the lands, and Joseph's brethren came  
To purchase corn in Egypt. Them he knew,  
Nor any harsh remembrance kept, because  
They sold him thither; for the hand of God  
Had ordered this event, to whose great end,  
A nobler triumph than revenge belonged.  
Therefore he tried them many ways; but who  
Has not that beauteous story often read,  
Told as it seems in simpleness of heart,  
Plain, unadorned in language, not a word  
Too many or too few, to children known  
By heart; yet far surpassing all the strains  
Of that blind bard who called Olympian Jove,  
And all his gods to battle on the shore;  
And with Andromache's pale maidens stood,  
When she exchanged the sad and farewell kiss;  
Or his, who equal tuned the modern lyre,  
Singing of Eden, and the blissful shades.

Thus Israel came to Egypt, with his sons,  
And all their wives and children, there to dwell  
Until the famine ceased. Then was fulfilled  
The vision seen by Abraham in deep sleep,  
When horror of great darkness fell around.  
For now his seed were strangers in a land  
Not theirs, nor thence should they depart, until  
Four hundred years foretold had passed away.  
Here was the numbering of the tribes begun;  
Around the Patriarch's bed they stood. Reuben,  
Unstable as the water's changing tide;  
Levi and Simeon, scattered and dispersed  
In Jacob and in Israel; Judah,



The lion's whelp, whose sceptre shall remain  
Till Shiloh come—his clothes are washed in wine ;  
Zebulon, near the haven of the sea,  
From whom to the great waters ships go down ;  
And Issachar, whose rest was good, and all  
Whose land was pleasant, couching like an ass  
Between two burdens ; Dan, his people's judge,  
A serpent by the way, and in the path  
An adder, biting at the horse's heels,  
His rider backwards falling ; Gad, a troop  
Shall overcome, but he shall conquer last ;  
Asher, whose bread is fat, and Naphtali,  
A hind let loose ; Joseph, the fruitful bough,  
His bow abode in strength, made strong by him  
His father's God, whose blessings have prevailed  
Unto the bounds of the eternal hills ;  
They shall remain forever as a crown ;  
And Benjamin, who like a wolf shall prowl,  
By night and day, divider of the spoil.

Twelve tribes in Israel, two of which remain,  
The lion-tribe, and his who youngest sat  
Around the board in Pharaoh's house, and there  
Received a portion far above the rest.  
But of the others here needs no account,  
For of their track no record now is found,  
Since by the streams of Babylon they wept,  
And hung their harps upon the willows there.  
Some say their ancient type and caste they lost,  
And blended with their captors, long before  
They were sent out to wander through the earth  
Distinct among the nations, with the mark  
Of their peculiar features, known to all,  
Moslem and Christian, as the mark of heaven.  
Others delight to trace them by the coasts  
Of Southern Asia where Chinese dwell ;  
And say, that when the ships of Solomon  
Sailed for the land of Ophir, which they place  
Where now the modern El Dorado lies,

He sent small remnants of these tribes ; and there  
They digged for him those famous stores of gold  
And precious stones, which his sea-captains brought  
By the spice islands through the Indian seas,  
Whence laden with fresh store of balm and myrrh,  
They passed to Edom by the Red Sea coast,  
And laid their treasures at the monarch's feet.  
But these are mere conjectures, fancies wild,  
Like those which count them with the Red-man's race,  
Sons of the Great Spirit : all is dark, unknown,  
Bound with the mysteries, nor to be loosed  
Till that great day of God appear, in which,  
True to the promise given by him of old,  
All who are scattered shall united stand,  
And worship in one temple, with one faith,  
And by one altar pure, whose great High Priest,  
No other incense will accept, but that  
Of the pure heart. Then shall the lost be found.

But Jacob in the land of Egypt died,  
Blessing his sons, and dying left this charge,  
That in Machpelah's cave his bones should rest,  
In Canaan, looking wide o'er Mamre's plain :  
There Abraham, Isaac, and Rebecca sleep.

Now so it happened, that when Pharaoh died,  
Who wisely in his kingdom ruled, and left  
A worthy name and honoured ; and again,  
When Joseph had been carried up and laid  
To sleep beside his fathers ; that the sons  
Of Israel multiplied exceedingly,  
And waxed strong and mighty in the land.  
Then there arose a king unlike to him  
Whom Joseph knew ; and over them he placed  
Hard task-masters, so that they laboured sore,  
And wearied were with great and heavy toil.  
For he was troubled at their fruitful growth,  
And looked that they would one day soon become  
More mighty than his people ; them he caused  
To build great treasure-cities on his plains.

Perhaps those huge, stupendous piles of stone,  
Which now the traveller near Carnac sees,  
In Ghiza and in Luxor, ancient Thebes,  
Whose wondrous ruins lie for miles around,  
In avenues of sphinxes, obelisks,  
And mighty statues, shafts of lofty form,  
Carved with the annals of their shepherd kings,  
And invocations to their brutish gods.  
Or like perhaps, those winding labyrinths  
Buried beneath the ground, vast catacombs  
Of sleeping mummies, rows on rows heaped up,  
Embalmed in spice and oils with curious art;  
Now to be found in science' modern halls,  
Wrapped in their swathing folds, those swarthy forms,  
Ancient in Cleopatra's final reign.

These all were old three thousand years ago,  
When from the land of Argos travelling wide,  
The first historian near them wondering stood;  
Nor less admired their freshness, than when since  
Strabo and Dionysius later came,  
Stealing their honey from the Attic bee.

The land of Egypt is a famous land,  
Teeming with many storied memories  
Of mighty deeds and high designs, that filled  
The ancient dynasties, when Rameses  
And great Sesostris reigned, and the first Pharaohs,  
Building wide inland seas, upon whose breasts  
Whole navies might have rode; but chief that here,  
God in his own appointed way worked out  
His people's safety, and by one man led  
His hosts, victorious o'er the impious king,  
Whom neither horse or chariots boasting saved,  
Nor treasure-cities with their wealth availed.  
And still more signal, when the Virgin came  
With her blest heavenly Babe, from that same land  
Where Abraham slept; He whom the angels hailed,  
And whose bright star the eastern wise men saw,  
And followed, worshipping in Bethlehem.

Then, type of Him, who thus by promise came,  
Unto the Gentile race, when with sore wounds  
The seed of Jacob were afflicted there,  
Arose the Jewish Law-giver, not less  
Raised up by God, and to that end ordained,  
When the king's daughter found him in the flags,  
And drew him from his little ark; from whence  
He took the name of Moses, as of one  
Drawn out, but who his people thence should draw,  
When the appointed time was come; nor long  
Delayed its coming; in the burning bush  
The angel of the Lord he saw, and there  
Received his high commission, and went forth  
To rescue Israel from the Egyptian yoke.  
Nor is that visitation quite forgot,  
Which he brought down upon the hardened king,  
When all the first-born in the land were slain,  
And every house was filled with woe, save those  
Upon whose lintel-posts the mark was found.  
And those nine other plagues which came amain,  
Scourging earth's waters into streams of blood,  
Raining down frogs, and stones of fiery hail,  
Or trailing locusts on the fierce east wind,  
Or coming like the murrain's bloody sores,  
Breaking forth into boils on beast and man.  
These are of old well known, and every where  
Repeated in familiar words, until  
The plagues of Egypt is a household term:  
Therefore less need of further mention here.

The hosts of Israel their encampment made  
By the Red Sea, for they were journeying now  
To reach the promised land; but ere they went  
They spoiled the Egyptians, taking from them gold  
And precious stones, jewels and silver wares,  
Such as each man required; and now they drew,  
Near Baal-zephon, camping by the sea.  
Behind them stood the cloud, their guide by day,  
And the bright, fiery pillar seen at night,

Moved from before them ; so had God ordained.  
 Then the great waters of the sea were stirred,  
 And by a strong east wind they passed away,  
 And were divided, standing on each side,  
 Like a high wall ; on the dry ground they walked,  
 And with the morning watch looked back, and saw  
 The bodies of the Egyptians on the shore,  
 Dead, all together heaped, rider and horse,  
 Chariot and chariot wheels, with their array  
 Of long-scythed instruments, one direful wreck,  
 And undistinguished ruin ; for behold,  
 The waters were returned, and all was still.  
 Then sang the hosts in glad and joyful strains,  
 With timbrels and with dances they came forth,  
 And made a merry noise ; their voice was heard,  
 Praising the most High God, who brought them safe  
 From their dark passage through the Red Sea wave.  
 And they took up the song of Miriam, saying,  
 Sing, for the Lord has triumphed gloriously,  
 And horse and rider in the sea are thrown.  
 Thy hand, O God, is glorious in power,  
 By thy right hand our foes have scattered been.  
 The depths have covered Pharaoh's hosts, they sank  
 Together to the bottom like a stone.  
 The floods stood upright heaved, and at the blast  
 Blown from thy nostrils, all the waters fled.  
 Glorious art thou in holiness, among  
 The Gods there is none like to thee, fearful  
 In praises, doing wondrous things : who hast,  
 In mercy and redeemed, thy people brought,  
 And to thy holy habitation led.  
 In Edom and in Moab, mighty men  
 Shall tremble, and the dwellers from afar  
 In Canaan all shall melt away, their fear  
 And dread remaining, till thy people pass,  
 Till all thy hosts have passed, O Lord, and stand  
 Upon the mount of their inheritance,  
 The temple built for thee. Therefore thy name

Shall be most glorious, for the waters turned,  
And all the mighty captains overthrown,  
And thou the Lord, forever more shalt reign.

Now the third moon had not yet ceased to wane,  
Since from Egyptian bondage they were freed,  
When the vast army with their leaders stood  
In the great wilderness before the mount.  
Nor unforgotten of their God, when seen  
By Marah's streams, and Elim's palm-trees tall ;  
Nor when the manna fell, and quails came up  
And covered all the camp ; and yet once more,  
As flowed Meribah's waters from the rock  
In Horeb, where the Amalekite was slain,  
And the first altar builded to the Lord.  
This is the Mount whose top was veiled in smoke,  
From which the trumpet's voice was sounded long,  
Where the bright presence of the Lord was hid,  
At whose high coming all its pillars quaked,  
Mount Sinai terrible of old, its sides  
Pavilioned round with darkness and thick clouds,  
And all its glory like devouring fire.

Here on the stones the law was graved, which then  
Was given to Moses in the fiery cloud :  
That law, which neither man in all the height  
Of his proud intellect or self-esteem,  
Built on by many sciences, so called,  
Not yet by superstition's dreary change,  
Fashioning forms of stupid, wooden gods,  
And painted likenesses of holy things,  
With tattered relics deemed of wondrous power ;  
Or worse, perverting from their plain intent,  
His sacred laws, and making them conform  
To their own sensual imaginings ;  
Not these, combined with all his powers who boasts,  
Self-satisfied, his reason, and proclaims,  
His God is seen in every thing around ;  
Nor his, who sneering like the fool, avows,  
And in his heart has said there is no God—

Not one of all these boasting babblers vain,  
Or who through ignorance are false worshippers,  
Have e'er prevailed this law to supersede ;  
Or if, with vain conceit, they have essayed  
To put it by, and in its place, set up  
Some cracked invention of their silly brain,  
The end has been most signal, covered o'er  
With worse defeat than that Sea-Dagon knew,  
Which the Philistines placed beside the Ark,  
When all their foul idolatry was shamed.  
And of more modern date, that bold attempt  
Which a whole people made, polished esteemed,  
And so esteemed themselves ; their rivers turned  
To streams of blood, reason exalted high,  
And hideous deeds committed in her name.  
What was the end ? Ask of the winds which blow  
Six thousand miles across the Atlantic wave,  
By the lone island in the sea—Then pause.

From Pisgah's top the promised land is seen,  
Mount Nebo also called, at whose wide base,  
The plains of Moab round extended lie.  
And now the people all had gathered there.  
For forty years were gone, since those false spies  
Went out from Paran, and o'er Jordan passed,  
With lying tongues returning, all save two,  
Who on this day, alone of that great host  
Who murmured then against the Lord, now stood  
With the new generation, to behold  
The far off prospect of the happy shore.  
Sedition also had been known, as when  
The troop of Korah and Abiram rose  
In vain attempt against the power of God.  
Them the earth swallowed with their families,  
And all went down alive, not one remained.  
The Levite also slept upon Mount Hor,  
In that vast wilderness, where to this day  
His tomb is seen ; o'er whose wide desert bounds,  
The pall of desolation is deep spread,

Known to the wandering Arab ; him foretold,  
When by the fountain in the way to Shur,  
The angel prophesied of Hagar's son,  
And all the wild man's outcast progeny.  
But then the Edomite was in the land,  
Brothers of Israel, born of Isaac's son,  
Who left his home in Canaan, journeying south,  
Before whose coming Anak's giants fled.  
But Israel from him turned, passing to Hor.  
He who in Moab reigned, was Zippor's son,  
Renowned for seeking the prophetic curse,  
Which a dumb beast rebuked ; the Midianite  
The prophet knew, when his five kings were slain.

Now Moses long had been forewarned of God,  
That he should not o'er Jordan's waters pass,  
Nor dwell in Canaan, where the Patriarchs slept.  
But to his prayer the promise had been given,  
When with his giants Bashan Og was slain,  
And Reuben thence, and Gad their portion took,  
From Ammon's borders unto Gilead,  
And from Chinnereth to the south, as far  
As the Salt Lake, in all whose country grows  
Nothing but Dead Sea fruits ; that with his eyes  
He should the fair inheritance behold,  
To whose bright streams which milk and honey ran,  
Another Leader must the people bring.  
On Pisgah's summit now he stood, gone up  
From Moab's plain, looking from thence around  
In double view, vision of life and death.  
Low down, the City of the Palm Trees lay,  
And Dan's inheritance, and Naphtali,  
With Ephraim and Manasseh, to the sea  
Where Judah's borders spread ; and further south,  
Extending to the little city, whence  
The righteous man escaped when that dread storm  
Of fiery sulphur poured upon the plain,  
Blasting the wicked in their nameless guilt ;  
Though for ten righteous found, all had been saved.



There Moses died, the servant of the Lord,  
Buried in Beth-peor, his sepulchre  
Unknown ; like whom no prophet since arose  
In Israel ; who for him on Moab's plains  
Lamented, for the great deliverance wrought,  
And Pharaoh's horsemen in the Red Sea drowned.

On Jordan's bank that fronts the setting sun,  
A pile of stones is heaped, memorial placed  
Of the divided stream, that stayed its course  
Before the feet of them which bore the ark ;  
And in the waters bed, on the dry ground  
Twelve other stones, where the priest's feet had stood,  
Were laid ; for Joshua the son of Nun,  
And all the people passed the river there,  
And now were come to Canaan's promised land.  
He had been set apart by Moses, when  
The number of the tribes on Moab's plain  
Was taken ; even as the Lord has said,  
So was he chosen ; him he sanctified  
Before the congregation, and his hands  
Upon him laid in token of his charge.  
Now for the second time he came, before,  
When he with Caleb unto Hebron passed,  
And gathered grapes at Eschol, pomegranates  
And figs, where those ten other spies proved false ;  
For which the people suffered, years for days.  
Nor of small note his name since Moses died,  
As when at Jericho the trumpets blew,  
And all the people shouted ; at which noise,  
The walls, by battering-ram untouched, nor shook  
By force of mighty stones or catapult,  
Nor undermined by secret trench or cave,  
Without an upraised hand, fell flat, and all  
Defenceless wide the city lay exposed.  
So was it taken and destroyed ; destroyed,  
All save the harlot and her kindred there ;  
Rahab her name, who when the messengers  
Which Joshua sent as spies to Jericho,

Were hunted through the city, them received,  
And hid within her house ; and afterwards,  
She passed them o'er the ramparts with a cord,  
Dwelling upon the wall ; so was she saved,  
Binding the scarlet thread upon her door.  
At Gilgal too the manna ceased, which they  
No more from heaven received, but of the fruits  
Of Canaan eat ; and in that place appeared  
The Captain of the host, coming from God.  
Last were the mountain kings, with those who came  
North from Chinnereth, and from western Dor,  
As far as Mizpeh's eastern vale, cut off  
From all their wide domain, subdued, broke up,  
And scattered like autumnal leaves that fall  
Before the wintry blast ; and all the land  
Where Goshen lies, the valley and the plain,  
With that famed Mount of Israel, later known  
In Hebrew melodies, and songs and psalms,  
From the high hill which stands below Mount Seir,  
To Lebanon where cedars grow, long since  
Renowned for stately growth, for ornament  
Or use most fit, as was well known to art, .  
In a great temple builded to the Lord ;  
And Hebron's Anakims, men of great might,  
And lofty stature tall, whose bones perhaps  
Have since been found, dug from great depths beneath,  
Which those pretending wise in modern lore,  
Antediluvian call, and thence infer  
Their knowledge greater than God's holy word ;  
Worse vanity than theirs, who in belief,  
Would regulate his power, and to their own  
Conform the limits of his sovereign will—  
These all were utterly destroyed, with those  
At Merom's waters ; and through all its bounds,  
The great inheritance by promise given,  
Confirmed with signs and wondrous miracles,  
From the first Patriarch's Chaldee Exodus,

Childless and old, through many captive years,  
And later times of trial doubtful deemed,  
To the last giant slain; the whole wide land,  
Long seen in expectation fair, and long  
Like dreams and shadows coming, and  
Like them departing, in fruition full  
And easy conquest, unto them was given,  
Now peaceful walking on its happy shore;  
For all the land had rest, not knowing war.

Pleasant it lay, in fair extent and wide,  
With sight of things delightful to the eye,  
A country stored with fruits of goodly kind,  
To please the varied taste. Here fields and plains  
Stretched forward in rich prospect green, where flocks  
In the cool shade repose, and murmuring streams  
The verdant pastures fed. On the hill side,  
Stood groves of fir and spreading palm trees wide,  
Whose broad leaves moved to zephyrs passing by,  
And made a dreamy sound; their tops were crowned  
With growth of oaks majestic, larger trees  
Suited for various use; and in the vales  
That wound in stealthy circuit low between,  
Sprung rows of purple vines, with clusters decked,  
And flowering wreaths festooned, the sport of winds  
That shook their misty folds, and sighing swept,  
Laden with fragrance, to the hills away.  
The happy land—inherited by those  
Who came of long descent, favoured of heaven.  
Since that dread visitation swept the earth  
In universal deluge, when the Ark  
Rode o'er the watery world, stored with its freight  
Of living germs; one righteous family  
Alone it bore, clear of that fatal doom;  
For whom in covenant when the earth was dry,  
In heaven was hung the bow of Iris hues  
Seven-colored; from the pure, ethereal light,  
Which through eternity with God dwelt  
In essence crystalline, dazzling, unseen—

It rose divided ; from which hour to men,  
Seed time and harvest, and the season's change,  
And light and heat, first born, shall never fail.  
The happy land—like that famed valley blest,  
Placed near earth's central line, from whose Blue  
source,

Egyptian Nilus brings his fertile flood  
And yearly sea ; left by the royal Prince,  
On his vain search to wander through the world,  
Seeking for what if to be found at all,  
Is only found within ; and this he knew  
When nothing was concluded, and returned  
More happy to his Abyssinian vale.

North from the country on whose level plains  
The Syrian dwelt, where Nimrod chased his game,  
And Ninus afterwards the city built,  
Called from his name, with walls exceeding high,  
The bounds began, and all that tract embraced  
Extending to the sea, and eastward thence  
To Jordan's waters, and where wider spread  
Gennesareth and the Galilean Lake.  
Here lived those labourers who drew the net,  
Changing their occupation to become  
Fishers of men. Towards the rising sun  
The portion was, which those two tribes received,  
With him who came of Joseph's fruitful bough,  
Where Abanar and Pharphar rolled their streams  
Mellifluent, which the Syrian leper deemed  
Beyond compare, more healing than the power  
Of Israel's waters. Here Damascus lies,  
Long after famous for the Pharisee  
In heavenly vision called, whose shining light  
Unveiled the curtain of his Hebrew faith,  
And sealed his mission to the Gentile world ;  
For which he wears the Martyr's glorious crown.  
These south it passed, as Jordan's waters run  
To the Dead Sea, and by the desert coasts  
Near Sihor, fronting on Egyptian bounds.

This land was given to Judah, wherein lay  
 The holy mount, Jerusalem, whose king,  
 With those four others, camped at Gibeon  
 When they made peace with Joshua, and sought  
 To war against it; but a sign was given,  
 And in the valley sun and moon stood still,  
 When God came forth against his enemies;  
 Nor o'er the city passed, till they were driven,  
 And by great hail-stones utterly destroyed.  
 Siop its other name, to holy men  
 Most dear, type of a heavenly land beyond,  
 And the blest city there; whose streets are gold,  
 And all its pavements precious stones, inlaid  
 With pearls and rubies, topaz, emeralds green,  
 Sapphire and jasper, like the crystal sea.  
 From its high top was seen where stood that place  
 Sought for by Herod of the priests and scribes,  
 That he might worship when the star appeared.  
 To lowlier men the messengers were sent,  
 By princes vainly sought; and angel-hymns  
 At midnight broke upon their wondering ears,  
 In songs of glory, and of peace on earth.  
 Perhaps here also might be seen afar,  
 Salem's high towers, its King, the priest of God,  
 Not born or dying, to whom Abraham gave  
 A tenth part of the spoil; his priesthood yet,  
 Like him, continues, and shall have no end.  
 And other places which in Christian faith,  
 Are held of high renown, and justly held.  
 Nazareth, of whom the question once was asked,  
 Can any good thing come? now answered well,  
 By kingdoms mightiest of earth, to whom  
 Old Greece and Rome are but remembered dreams;  
 And the new hemisphere, first known to him  
 Of Genoa born, who, sailing from Castile  
 To India, by the way the sun goes down,  
 Awoke the echo of its solitudes  
 From their primeval sleep, and opened wide

Those golden gates, through which like them of old,  
The modern Argonauts have borne their fleece.  
And nearer, Bethany was seen, the home  
Of Lazarus, seeming dead, who only slept,  
And sleeping woke. Siloa's brook was there,  
Likened to heavenly streams, well known in song.  
Beyond where Kedron ran, the garden stood,  
Made dark to fame in memory of him,  
Who worse than Lucifer, was traitor found,  
Not rebel, better had he thus been known.  
Close by, a smaller mount appeared, the one  
Where Moses and Elias came, before  
Gone up to God; the Mount of Olives called.  
Also one other there not to be named.  
The high imaginings of verse here fail,  
Transcended by the vast reality.  
The border on the west was the great sea,  
Along whose coasts the island lay, long famed  
For hues of purple dye, to art now lost;  
Whose walls before the Macedonian fell,  
And all its pride and commerce passed away.  
To them, of far Sidonian race renowned  
It reached, whose worship was the Queen of Heaven.  
And further towards its southern limits stood  
More modern Cesarea, whence the exploits  
Of pilgrims battling in the holy wars  
Were known; chivalric men of knightly fame,  
Who had a seat in Cyprus' neighboring isle.  
And other names in Pagan history found,  
When Babylon's Assyrian monarchs reigned,  
And Rome's imperial eagle ruled the world,  
That need no mention here. These all were given  
And set apart, to each his share, with bounds  
Distinct and measured, part unconquered yet;  
Divided thus in Shiloh, and by lot,  
Which Joshua and Eleazer gave,  
With refuge cities unto all the tribes.  
Then was the work fulfilled, as Moses said,

And Joshua, and all the elders came  
To Shechem, where a covenant was made,  
And each departed to his separate home.  
And after that he died, well pleased to know  
How Israel faithful stood, nor turned aside  
To other gods; and in Mount Ephraim slept.  
And Joseph's bones were also buried there,  
In Shechem, in the ground which Jacob bought;  
And all the people prospered in the land.

END OF PART FIRST.

# HIEROSOLYMA.

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## PART SECOND.

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He who with loving heart aspires to look  
Beyond the veil, and in true wisdom meek,  
Attunes its chords to holy harmonies,  
Such as we dream the spirit voices sing  
In full, melodious choir, on heavenly plains,  
Will ever turn to that pure stream of song,  
Which from celestial fountains springs, and rolls  
With amber wave on beds of golden sand,  
Its waters broken by the crystal light  
That shines undimmed through everlasting day.  
Hence came Isaiah's hymns sublime, and His  
Whose strains lamenting fall upon the ear ;  
And David's royal Psalms which Israel heard,  
With shawms and harps of instrumental sound.  
Therefore it is, whoever lofty treads  
The mount of song, and seeks according strains,  
To which the music in his soul leaps forth,  
Has breathed an invocation to the power  
Worshipped unseen, feigned it may be or true ;  
As on Olympus' top his sacred Nine  
The heathen poet knew ; or that bright god,  
Whose chariot wheels went flaming round the world  
Unguided for a day ; or love's fair queen,  
From her sea-birth-place, rising in white foam ;  
And not to mention more, the Red man's speech,  
All poetry and flowing music rich,  
In hunting grounds and by his council fires,



Smoking the pipe of peace. Such language came  
Of the Great Spirit born, whom in the woods  
He saw, amid the waving of green boughs,  
And graceful flowers upon the waters brink.  
Untaught his song began, not here to close,  
But on the far off shore beyond the hills  
To wake, where with the brave men of his tribe,  
All shall be hunters in a land of game.

In other times there have been altars reared,  
On which sweet incense fires were burned, whose  
wreaths

Of fragrance upwards rolled in perfumed clouds,  
And in thin air dissolving, spread around  
Like the enchanter's spell. The Poet here  
His palace builded, and with open doors,  
Passing from room to room between, the walls  
He filled with living pictures, painted there  
In colours drawn from nature's seven-fold ray.  
And for his windows, niches in the wall  
He made, where draperied statues stood serene,  
Carved in pure stone, like Parian marble white.  
Its central hall was multifold, the floor  
Of rich mosaic paved, from which a dome  
Opened at night upon the starry heavens.  
Vases, like those Etruscan famed, were there,  
In rows of alabaster long arrayed,  
And little household images in bronze,  
Seemed standing low between; its sides were hung  
With crystal stalactites that shone like stars.  
Midway was placed a fountain, throwing high  
A misty stream of spray, which rising fell,  
As silver music sounds; within its arms  
It held the breathing shell, in song renowned,  
Here only seen; and ever with the spray,  
There came a murmur of melodious tunes,  
To which the Poet listened; then he wrote  
Upon a leaf of amaranth he held  
Immortal in his hand—But now no more,

By Fancy's mesh of net work caught, light threads  
Of gossamer, fine as famished spiders weave,  
Spanning the bridge that leads to Allah's bowers,  
Where dark-eyed Houris welcome with a kiss  
The Prophet's faithful sons, the strain proceeds  
In theme more lofty ; would the verse might be  
Of equal inspiration ; yet do Thou  
From heaven descending, stay, and fail not here.

Entreat me not to leave thee, or return  
From following after thee. This was the boon  
The Moabitess craved, when Orpah turned  
Back to her people and her gods, nor went  
With Naomi returning to the land  
From which her husband came. A widow now  
She was, for he in Moab died, gone down  
When judges ruled in Israel, and a dearth  
On Judah fell : and with his sons, ten years  
He lived, who from that people took them wives,  
Orpah and Ruth ; but now they all were dead,  
Father and sons, and unto Bethlehem  
She would return. The youngest gave to her,  
Departing not ; but strong in filial love  
And duty, as the ivy to the oak,  
When the storm beats around, she closer clung,  
Prepared in all vicissitudes, in sun  
Or shade, the calling to fulfill, and cheer  
The way of her who walked through life alone.  
Such acts as these will meet their own reward.  
Heaven with approving eye, looks down, and sees  
All who delight in offices of love  
And natural kindness shewn ; not less when called  
To walk in patience through the fiery flame,  
And all its heat to bear ; but beautiful,  
With girded loins and well tried feet to walk,  
In honesty and holiness of heart,  
By truth add faith then sanctified, at last  
To come, like molten gold, seven times refined.  
This maid, who thus her father's people left,

To dwell with strangers in another land ;  
This gleaner in the fields which Boaz reaped,  
Content with little, scarce constrained to take  
What from full threshing floors, could well be spared,  
Became the mother of the longest line  
Of kings and princes which this earth has known,  
To whom the noblest sung in ancient lays,  
Whether heroic famed, or more divine  
By fable high pretended, or who else,  
Like Macedonian Alexander, have become  
Renowned in story and in song—all these,  
With them are in comparison, no more  
Than the ephemeral moth to the round world  
Of thousand years. In those days Midian came  
And triumphed over Israel ; for seven years,  
He with the Amalekite prevailed, and all  
Their increase spoiled, because their sin was great.  
To idol-worship they had fallen, with those,  
The remnants of the nations Joshua left  
When Canaan was divided ; for which crime,  
They served the king whom Othniel slew, and then  
Were spoiled near Jordan by the Moabite,  
And under him held captive eighteen years.  
Then Deborah arose, whose song was heard,  
Singing the triumph Israel that day knew,  
When with his iron chariots, Jabin's hosts,  
Nine hundred strong, went down, like straw, before  
The might of Barak ; and his Captain bold  
Fled to the Gentiles, where the Kenite's wife  
Her nail and hammer plied ; with her right hand  
She smote his head, and at her feet he bowed,  
He bowed, he fell, and where he bowed fell dead.  
Proud Sisera ! the stars against him fought,  
The ancient river swept his hosts away,  
When he, the son of Abinoam, rose.  
Proud Sisera ! his mother called aloud,  
Why do his chariots stay their wonted course ?  
Alas ! no spoil shall he divide, no prey

8

Of divers colours ; he is fallen, fallen  
Before their strength, whose love is as the sun  
That rides in triumph o'er his enemies.  
But Midian grew bold, and in his pride  
Insulted Israel, and his tents he spread,  
His horsemen and his cattle through the land,  
Innumerable for their multitude.  
And when it seemed their pride was fully swelled,  
And ready in destruction to come down  
Upon the sacred camp, behold, there came  
An angel to the oak at Ophrah, where  
Was one seen threshing ; him the angel hailed  
The mighty man of valour, and with fire  
He sealed his offering of unleavened cakes  
When Baal's altar fell, and all his grove  
Of sacred trees were hewn ; unable there,  
Though with his image worshipped for a god,  
Himself to plead, and so himself belied.  
That was a day to be remembered long,  
When on the hill of Moreh, all the hosts  
In battle phalanx stood, in dark array  
Of wars habiliments, that seemed to wait  
Impatient for the angry strife of blood.  
But numbers here were nothing, nor the strength  
Of armies proud, with heroes great in fight ;  
Weak all and puny, as the soldier dreamed,  
When that small cake of barley-bread he saw  
Tumble in Midian's tent ; this is the sword  
Which canting heroes since in modern days,  
Have feigned to draw, deeming themselves heaven-  
called,  
And with fanatic zeal have pushed beyond  
What else perhaps true courage might have been,  
And faithful loyalty to God and men ;  
Though not to be despised, as some would think,  
And others from experience knew, nor cared  
With equal acts their boastings to redeem.  
Three hundred men three hundred trumpets blew,

Three hundred fire-brands in their hands they waved,  
 Three hundred pitchers all together brake,  
 And on their watch-word, heaven-directed called,  
 And all the hosts that on the hill-side stood,  
 Fled far away ; each felt the others sword,  
 Nor staid to know his enemy, but turned  
 And to the utmost border fled. So fell  
 The flower of Zeb and Oreb, who that day  
 Were slain, their bodies left beside the rock  
 And wine-press, and their heads as trophies hung  
 In Israel, over Jordan's western bound,  
 Where Gideon with his lamps and pitchers fought.

Wise men in every age and clime have been,  
 Who deemed it pleasant knowledge to acquire  
 By simple means, nor have refused to hear  
 Unuttered voices from mute, senseless things,  
 Such as around them stand ; whether it be  
 In plain analogy from nature drawn,  
 From varied objects that delight the eye,  
 Moving in equal circuit to the law  
 That guides their change, or standing to fulfill  
 Their steady course ; or whether as full oft,  
 Fancy has fashioned them to speak with tongues,  
 And made them silent teachers, telling truths  
 For reason's application, fit to learn,  
 And in her treasured store-house to be laid,  
 Thence to be drawn in brief, sententious form,  
 Like ottar of rich essences distilled,  
 And given by precious drops. Thus has been known  
 The ancient fable, through allusion traced,  
 And observation of external things ;  
 Like that the Roman senator devised,  
 Calming the angry passions, as when oil  
 Is poured on troubled waters ; or what else  
 That slave invented, making dumb brutes speak,  
 And moralise like men ; for which he gained  
 His freedom, and a name no fable now.  
 And here in passing, may be marked how oft

The many heathen myths are found to bear  
Resemblance to known sacred truths, and thus  
Confirm by evidence, though not direct,  
Whence their impression came ; some shadowy light,  
Dim and uncertain, by tradition given,  
Enough to know, but how or why, unknown.  
Such was Deucalion's flood, in ancient times  
Remembered well, when he in Thessaly  
Sailed in his fabled boat ; and that fierce strife  
Which Discord raised among the Olympian gods,  
When on her golden apple she inscribed  
The prize of beauty ; and the deeper tale  
That bound Prometheus naked on his rock,  
Who came from Jove, and stole his heavenly fire,  
Man's benefactor once, and yet to be  
Once more for him, deliverer and friend.  
But Jotham's parable was old when Rome  
Was young ; Menenius Agrippa spoke  
As man to men ; a higher power was here,  
Seen when the mill-stone fell from Thebez tower,  
Thrown by a woman, crushing through his skull  
In full revenge of seventy brethren slain.

Last of the Judges who in Israel ruled,  
Was that famed Nazarite in Zorah born,  
Whose mother saw the man of God appear,  
Foretelling of his birth. Manoah's son  
Succeeded Jephthah, who that vow fulfilled,  
Which yearly sent the daughters of the land  
To mourn in Gilead, and lament her fate,  
Which won the spoiling of the Ammonite.  
To him a spirit of great power was given,  
And strength unequalled, such as no one yet  
Of all the heroes sung in ancient days,  
From Thetis' son, and Ajax with his rocks,  
To those of later times, have ever known.  
This they of Askelon remembered well,  
Who solved his riddle, and those Philistines  
Binding him with their cords ; like fire they snapped,  
Before the swelling of his sinewy arms.

And with his jaw-bone there, a thousand men,  
 The third of all their host he slew. This too  
 Was seen in Dagon's temple, when the crowd  
 Their idol praised, and shouted for the man  
 \*In darkness sitting in full blaze of noon,  
 Who all its mighty pillars shook, and down  
 Returned destruction on their impious heads,  
 Worshipped and worshippers together crushed,  
 And buried with him there; all finished now.  
 \*His race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 Sleeping the sleep with them that are at rest.  
 This was the end of that great secret lost,  
 Drawn by a smooth, deceitful tongue, and eyes  
 That fondly wept with show of hidden grief.  
 The lesson may be useful; not alone  
 To him have honied words been proved the sting  
 Which vipers turn against the warming breast;  
 There have been Dalilahs in modern times.

Oh for those palmy days which Israel knew,  
 When that sweet singer tuned his royal harp,  
 Waking its melodies in songs of praise  
 And choral hymns sublime; now breathing low  
 In music softer than the strings that poured  
 Eolian numbers, or the Doric lyre  
 To which the rocks and trees responsive moved;  
 Or sweeping loud the notes of heavenly strain,  
 Harmonious trembling to the full voiced choir  
 Who sing by night and day around the throne.  
 And while on earth the love of song remains,  
 And heart and spirit to its sound rejoice,  
 From its deep fountains gushing, with their springs  
 Of living waters far beyond the clouds,  
 Drinking ambrosial dews, thy voice shall still

\* O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!

\* \* \* \* \*

My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them at rest.

SAMSON ACONITES.

Rise welcome as the balmy evening hour  
That brings the labourer rest ; or as the news  
Of joyous tidings which the tongues of men  
Proclaim with merry noise, with shout and song.  
To thee, the holy one, shall Israel bow,  
And at thy coming all his sons be glad.  
For thee timbrel and the lute shall play.  
The cymbals clang be heard, in chorus joined  
With stringed instruments of many stops,  
Repeating now the numbers in full time,  
Or breathing gentle airs, making such sounds  
As Concord loves to hear, and Silence woos  
To break her contemplation, and would still  
Be ever thus disturbed ; yet over all  
Thy voice shall rise, leading in sacred song,  
And to its cadences all stops and chords  
Harmonious pause, and catch the inspiring word,  
To which accompanying, their movements flow,  
And soft or louder, blend in rapturous tune.

Anointed Ruler ! when the Prophet's voice  
Called for the youngest born of Jesse's sons,  
The stripling youth who played before the king  
When that dark spirit lay upon him sore :  
Oh then, perhaps, in vision deep, and trance  
Of ecstasy divine, his eyes beheld  
The glorious rising of that morning star  
Apparent in the east, which since to men,  
In clear effulgence of glad day has shone.  
Thy sceptre has remained, O Judah ! now  
Its diadem is like a crown of stars.  
Thy King yet reigns, thy Royal Line shall be  
Perpetual as the everlasting hills,  
Whose firm foundation, built upon a rock,  
No change of place, or period e'er shall know.

First of that high, prophetic band, who since  
In words of inspiration have foretold  
The course of Israel, whether speaking woes,  
Or numbering blessings countless as the stars,



Young Samuel appeared, to whom God's voice  
Was early given, when that old priest's two sons  
Were found with Belial, and his altar lewd  
Was raised before the very house of God.  
Them the Philistines in one day cut off,  
With thirty thousand of the chosen host,  
False guardians, traitors to the sacred Ark,  
Which there was taken, and in Ashdod placed,  
In Dagon's temple, by his idol foul,  
The atheists, and the atheists' god at once  
Confounded, maimed and dead, his worshippers  
With terror struck, all routed and ashamed.  
The man of Benjamin he also chose  
King over Israel, as the people prayed,  
Whose father's house was powerful in the land,  
Himself of lofty stature, chosen when  
He passed through Ephraim, looking for the Seer,  
Who poured upon his head the holy oil,  
Returning unto Kish at Gibeah.  
Famous he was for that great battle fought,  
When the young shepherd with his sling and stones  
Went forth against the Philistine, who there  
Defied the armies of the living God,  
And made their Captains tremble ; lo, he fell,  
With all his mailed armour, greaves and spear,  
Target and shield, and brazen helmet strong—  
Down like a mountain rock extended, large  
He lay, motionless, stiff, and his own sword  
Returned against him ; backwards justice sent  
The judgment-weapon on his boasting head.  
But Saul was troubled much at Jesse's son,  
Who his ten thousands slew, nor could he hear  
Such praises as the hosts of Israel made  
In honour of the great exploits that brought  
Deliverance from the Philistines, and seemed  
In greater lustre to eclipse his name.  
And so, we read, from him the spirit went,  
And evil came upon his heart ; he sought

By many ways to slay the shepherd boy,  
And not content with all the various arts  
Which by his kingly power were brought to bear  
Against him, e'en essaying friendship's ear  
To poison, and the soul of him he loved ;  
Nor mindful of Engedi's cave, where he  
With his three thousand chosen men went forth  
To hunt him through the rocks, and there received  
Life from his hands whose life he sought to take ;  
He called the Prophet from his silent grave,  
Sleeping in Ramah, who to En-dor came,  
By the witch summoned, and to him revealed,  
What dreams and prophets both had failed to tell  
Since God departed from him. This was known  
In Mount Gilboa, when his sons were slain,  
And by the archers he was wounded sore,  
So that he fain would die ; and on his sword  
He fell, with that one trusty friend who died,  
Faithful when all had fled. The uncircumcised  
His armour hung in Ashtaroth, the house  
In which their idols stood, that they might tell  
His worshippers, permitted for a while,  
Like evil spirits, in their strength to boast.  
Thus fell the first of Israel's kings, whose throne  
By the first Prophet was established then ;  
By heaven selected, to that end designed,  
Which, in its dark, inscrutable decrees,  
However adverse to the thought of men,  
Is ever found to work out good alone.  
But David mourned for S  ul and Jonathan,  
And for the Lord's anointed weeping cried ;  
Yea, for his friend, whose soul was as his own,  
Two hearts in one, two bodies and one mind,  
Who gave his robe, his garments, and his bow  
In covenant of the love he bore ; for him,  
For them, he bowed in lamentation sore,  
For Saul the king, and Jonathan his son.  
How are the mighty fallen ! thy beauty now,

Upon thy towers, O Israel, is slain.  
 In Askelon and Gath proclaim it not,  
 Nor let their daughters triumph and rejoice,  
 Uncircumcised, whose gods are maimed brutes. •  
 Ye mountains of Gilboa, let the dew,  
 The rain, and offerings of your fields be stayed;  
 The shield of God's anointed is cast down.  
 Thy bow, O Jonathan, returned not back,  
 Nor empty was his sword among the slain.  
 Lovely and pleasant in their lives they were,  
 Swifter than eagles and as lions strong,  
 In death divided not. Oh Israel, weep,  
 And let thy daughters for the mighty weep,  
 Who low are fallen, and on high places slain.  
 For thee, my brother, is my soul distressed;  
 Thy love was wonderful, and passing far  
 The love of women. How the mighty fall!  
 The mighty with their weapons lying low.

Behold King David now. From Judah's tribe,  
 That princely heritage the Patriarch blessed,  
 He rose, the shepherd boy, to Judah's throne.  
 Anointed then in Hebron by the tribes,  
 His royal house established, and the walls  
 Of Sion builded, on the holy mount  
 Jerusalem, City of God most high,  
 Whose temple from that day has been the shrine  
 To which all hearts with reverence turn; e'en now  
 Held sacred by those dogs of Moslem faith,  
 Who mock the very name of Nazarene.  
 There hangs around that spot a hallowed mist,  
 Grey with the dews of centuries that weep  
 Mysterious freshness, and the air seem filled  
 With sighing memories of holy sounds  
 That come far up the shadowy vale of time,  
 In strains most melancholy; sweet though sad,  
 And solemn, as the low, funeral dirge  
 Around the Christian's grave; and here as there,  
 Faith patient lingers with her sister Hope,

And through the darkness of this midnight pall,  
Awaits the dawning of a glorious day.  
For thy foundations shall be laid, thy walls,  
O Sion, shall be raised again, and stand  
Triumphant in the fulness of the time  
That marks thy coming : from the sleep, the dust  
Of ages, long in desolation piled,  
Sweeping around thee in a whirlwind cloud,  
Thy beauty shall arise, like morning beams  
Awaking in the east, never to fade ;  
Thy temple shall be built, its altars burn  
With mingled sacrifice of prayer and praise.  
Within its veil the worship shall be given  
To Him who sits above the cherubim,  
That great High Priest, whose order shall remain  
Forever, by Eternity expressed,  
Without beginning, without end the same.

There is a festival in Judah's halls,  
Whereto the trumpet and the timbrel's noise,  
And sound of singing men in concert joined,  
The merry dance is made ; moved by their feet,  
Whose hearts that day, with their anointed king,  
Went joyful forth to greet the captive Ark  
Returned from Obed-edom ; worthy thus  
His dawning rule to bless, brought back, set up,  
And to its ancient dignity restored,  
Holy of holies, which from Moses came,  
When on the fiery Mount he talked with God.  
Burnt-offerings now, and sacrifice were made,  
Pleasant to Him whose altar thus was raised,  
With fumes of sacred incense, for the love  
That crowned their worship ; therefore was the soul  
Of David rapt in ecstasy of joy,  
And to his heart that gave symphonious tune,  
His voice made melody, and this the song—  
Give thanks to God, and call upon his name,  
Make known his deeds among the nations round ;  
Sing unto him with psalms, for all his works

Are glorious, let their heart rejoice who seek  
 His face, who seek their strength from thee, O Lord.  
 Remember all the wonders he has done,  
 The judgments of his mouth; ye chosen ones,  
 Children of Jacob, Israel's God is ours.  
 Lift up your voice in memory of the oath,  
 The covenant which with Abraham was made,  
 Confirmed to Isaac, and to Jacob given  
 In everlasting rule; of old but few  
 Ye were, strangers and captives, dwelling then  
 Among the nations; yet were kings reprov'd,  
 And for your sakes the sovereign voice was heard,  
 Touch mine anointed not, and let no harm  
 Come near my prophets, I am God alone.  
 Sing to the Lord, ye dwellers on the earth,  
 Declare his glory to its utmost bounds;  
 Great is his name, and greatly to be praised,  
 Who made the heavens; his presence reigns supreme  
 In glory and in honour, strength and joy.  
 Ascribe to him all might and majesty,  
 Come to his altar with an offering,  
 And in the beauty of his holiness  
 Adore and worship and before him bow.  
 Let the sea roar, and the great billows there,  
 The fields rejoice, and all that therein is;  
 And let the trees before his presence sing,  
 The earth and heavens be glad, and men repeat,  
 The Lord, our King, shall reign forever more.  
 O then give thanks, and magnify his name,  
 For he is good, his mercies shall endure;  
 He our salvation is, our joy, our hope,  
 By whom the victory comes; that so our voice  
 His glory, wisdom, love and power may bless,  
 And to his worship bow with loud Amen.

So for his triumph o'er his enemies,  
 Who from before him fled, and to the praise  
 Of God most high, he sang in joyful strain.  
 Nor forgetful of the voice he heard,

That pleasant sound among the mulberries,  
Whose tops were moved against the Philistines,  
And all their hosts were smitten; followed far  
By the victorious king, who them pursued  
Through Gibeon unto Gaza's utmost bounds.

What voice is that now heard in stern rebuke,  
In anger kindled at the mean attempt  
Of one whose riches were exceeding great  
In flocks and cattle, yet with misers' hand,  
Would rob the poor man of his cherished ewe,  
By him brought up, and in his bosom laid,  
Loved and familiar as a household friend?  
Thou art the man. The voice was sent from God,  
Known by the king, and not less keenly felt,  
When for seven days he fasted on the earth,  
And mourned with heavy heart; nor would his grief  
Be comforted, for with the child there came  
Remembrance of the Hittite wronged and slain.  
But when the little sufferer's eyes were closed,  
And death upon its lips had set his seal,  
And sighs, and groans, and pain no more it knew,  
Then from his mourning couch the king arose,  
And with anointed raiment, in the house  
Of God he came, and worshipped; for he said,  
The child is dead, and can I bring him back?  
Is there a pathway from the grave? I go  
To him, but he cannot return to me.  
Oh happy infancy, to die, to rest,  
Unknowing of the ills and cares of life!  
To sleep, from sin's pollution rescued free!  
To wake, eternal in the realms of bliss!  
So thought the Psalmist, as he worshipped thus,  
So thinks the Christian, smiling through his tears;  
So was it, when of old young children came,  
So shall it be, while ages roll away.  
The man who in his heart, preserves and keeps  
Pure, fresh and green, the memory of the boy,  
Will from its unstained recollections bright,

Recall some shadowy outline of the thoughts  
That came like dreams of heaven ; and so when years  
Have written on his brow the marks of change,  
And higher aspirations—call them not  
More noble, for they are not, cannot be—  
Awake within him, and he seeks to find  
Good, virtue, happiness, in all things round ;  
Then shall he listen to the sounds that come  
Far through the silent years ; those blessed thoughts,  
That travel forward o'er the waste of time,  
And send an echo from the plains above,  
Of children's feet immortal walking there.

Now had soft evening, with her mantle grey,  
Come from the fading sun-light in the west,  
And o'er the hills that rose to kiss the heavens  
Her twilight halo spread ; reflected down  
Where Jordan's silver waters wound away  
In streams of mellow light, and circling swept  
Round Mahanaim's sacred field, which erst  
Was guarded by those armed angels bright  
Whom Jacob saw ; not yet departing day  
Had quite retired, but on the bending grass  
The early dew had just begun to weep,  
And the sweet fragrance slowly in the air  
Was gathering, on its grateful wings to rise  
In silent adoration. Nature thus  
Her evening tribute pays, sleeping in peace,  
Bird, tree, and flower, waters and winds at rest ;  
Nor with fresh morning less renews her praise.  
How beautiful, how wonderful, how grand !  
Would that its voice might to the hearts of men  
Rise forgotten, by its language taught,  
Though storms and thunder, near or far are heard,  
Only to pass before a brighter sun,  
How silently that general law moves on,  
From its far centre rolling swift and sure,  
Which gives to earth the bounteous stores of heaven,  
Forever, while the covenant bow remains.

Beside the city gates King David sat,  
Weary and faint, and sore distressed in heart ;  
For heavy tidings unto him were borne,  
Of Israel in rebellious arms arrayed,  
Led on by him, the peerless Absalom,  
Whose beauty was the praise of every voice.  
Fair in the freshness of his youth, there hung  
Around his ample chest and shoulders broad,  
A flowing mass of curls, moved by the winds,  
Like gentle waves upon a summer sea.  
Like some sly demagogue, with winning smiles,  
And speeches fair, and show of honied words,  
He pandered to the fickle multitude,  
That hydra-headed monster, whose fierce wrath  
Once kindled by a spark, with scorching flame,  
Rolls in a torrent of consuming fire,  
Sweeping down friend and foe, in vain attempt  
Sought to be guided by the puny hand  
That fired the train : here, if his strength he tried,  
Briareus with his hundred arms were weak.  
Upon the roof the watchman went and came,  
Looking afar to Ephraim's hill, where stood  
The rebel host and Judah's men of war.  
The king was troubled ; ever had his heart  
Been moved to Absalom, e'en when he fled  
To Geshur, for his brother Ammon slain.  
Now from his tower the watchman distant saw  
A solitary runner ; he appeared  
Like one who carried tidings of great news.  
Over the plain he ran, and to the king  
Exulting cried, Peace, all is well ; but lo,  
The son of Zadok scarce had turned aside,  
When Cushy came : Tidings my lord the king ;  
May all thy enemies who raise their hands  
Against thee, be as Absalom is found.  
Oh Prince of Judah, bold in rebel pride,  
Where is thy strength, thy boasted beauty now ?  
Is that old man, whose voice thy name repeats, . .



Once, twice, and thrice, in mournful accents loud—  
Has he, thy father, lost in thee a son?

Worship and praise are ever found to rise  
Most pure, within the temple of the heart,  
That loves the habitation and the place  
Where God's own honour dwells; and though the  
                  heavens,

The earth, the air, and those unmeasured worlds,  
That move forever in their ringing spheres,  
All speak one solemn, universal voice,  
All sing one general anthem, one great hymn,  
Majestic in its harping symphonies,  
And halleluiahs of deep sounding base,  
Yet was the prayer of David not unheard,  
Which for his earthly temple he sent up,  
A visible dwelling for the Lord of hosts,  
Where with fit order and due reverence meet,  
And consecration of such holy things  
As in their nature may be found most pure,  
From grosser imperfections cleansed and freed,  
And made most worthy as an offering  
To the Creator's praise; there may ascend  
The inner worship from that unseen fane,  
That glorious temple of the living soul,  
Whose aspirations go immortal up,  
The scintillation and the spark divine,  
Seeking its native mansion in the skies.  
Therefore the promise unto him was given,  
According to the vision Nathan saw,  
That for the dwelling place of God most high,  
A house of cedars should be built, which thus  
Libanus from his stately summit high,  
Should rear of his red-hearted timber strong,  
Polished with work of cunning artifice,  
And fashioned by the joiner's ready hand,  
In all things made complete; but not to him  
Permitted to behold, erected fair.  
Like Moses, near the promised land he stood,

And saw, but worshipped not in the blest place.  
So far the acts that crowned his latter days,  
David, the son of Jesse, raised on high,  
Israel's sweet Psalmist, with his harp and lute,  
Made mention of the holy house of God,  
Its courts and chambers, with the mercy-seat,  
And incense altar of pure gold refined :  
Pattern of all things by the spirit given,  
The priestly course appointed, and the charge  
Made for the service, with its rites ordained.  
Then for the offerings which the people gave  
With perfect heart, pure offerings to the Lord,  
For the high privilege to him vouchsafed,  
The glory of the temple thus revealed,  
Before the princes of the tribes who stood  
By hundreds and by thousands with the hosts,  
Before the congregation gathered there,  
He lifted up his voice to heaven, and said :  
Thine is the greatness and the power, O Lord,  
Glory and victory, might and majesty ;  
Thine is the heavens, and all the earth is thine,  
Thy kingdom over all exalted high.  
Riches and honour come of thee, thy hand  
Is powerful, giving strength to men ;  
Therefore our hearts shall bless thy glorious name.  
But wherefore should we boast? these offerings  
brought,  
All came from thee, thine own we bring again,  
And of thine own have made our offering here.  
For we are strangers as our fathers were,  
Sojourners in a place abiding not.  
Our days on earth are as a shadow pale,  
That with the morning watch is passed away.  
God of our fathers, let thy servant now,  
With perfect heart, all thy commandments keep,  
Thy statutes and thy testimonies sure ;  
And let him thus thy palace temple build,  
As we our grateful offerings hither bring.

There lives perhaps no memory on earth,  
 More pleasant than the Hebrew Psalmist's songs.  
 Wherever Faith the evidence has found  
 Of things not seen; on her bright angel wings,  
 Wherever Hope exulting rides sublime,  
 And with clear eye of blue, sees from afar  
 All glories in the skies; where'er the flame  
 Of holy worship from the hallowed shrine  
 Is seen to rise towards heaven; in every name  
 And nation, kindred, people, clime and tongue;  
 There has the lisping voice been early taught  
 His hymns of praise; there, in assembly full,  
 The deep toned organ, with compressing air,  
 Through many pipes its melody has poured,  
 Symphonious to the chanted strains that bear  
 His rapt, inspiring words; those words, those notes,  
 Whose sounds once echoed o'er Judea's hills,  
 And latest, as our hearts may well believe,  
 Tell from his living voice, perhaps like this;—  
 I go the way of all the earth; my days  
 Are numbered; as the flowers, they fade and fall,  
 And as the grass before the mower's scythe.  
 To me the Spirit of the Lord once spake,  
 His word was in my tongue; the living Rock,  
 The God of Israel spoke to me and said,  
 Be thou a ruler over men, be just,  
 And rule in fear, and so thy acts shall be  
 As morning light, when in the east the sun  
 Appears without a cloud, or as the grass  
 From the earth springing, when the genial shower  
 In the clear shining after rain, has passed.  
 So was an everlasting covenant made,  
 Ordered in all things sure, salvation given,  
 And in its fullness all desire embraced.  
 God is my rock, in him I put my trust,  
 My fortress, shield, and my deliverer strong;  
 Him will I call, most worthy to be praised,

Who from mine enemies my life has saved.  
When death's dark waves encompassed me around,  
And bitter sorrows fell upon my soul,  
In my distress I called upon the Lord,  
Who heard my voice, and to my cry gave ear.  
Then the earth trembled, and the heavens were  
moved

Before his wrath their firm foundations shook.  
Live, burning fire was in his mouth, and smoke  
Breathed from his nostrils, like consuming flame.  
He bowed the heavens before him and came down,  
Darkness was at his feet pavilioned round,  
Dark waters and thick clouds through all the sky.  
He rode upon the cherubim and flew,  
On mighty winds his pathway far was seen,  
Before him brightness kindled coals of fire.  
Thunders from heaven proclaimed his voice most  
high,

Lightnings and arrows scattered all his foes;  
The channels of the sea appeared, the world  
Its dark foundations knew, at his rebuke,  
The angry blast which from his nostrils came.  
Blessed art thou, O Lord, exalted high,  
Thou hast avenged the wicked in thy wrath,  
And made my feet as feet of hinds that walk  
Over high places on the mountain tops.  
Therefore will I give thanks to thee, and sing—  
Sing, for thy blessings on my length of days,  
Sing, for the covenant and anointed crown,  
Sing, for the promises thy love has given,  
To David and his seed forever more.

Thus with his hoary honours on his head,  
Time's silver chaplet, gathered through long years,  
Death sealed the fount immortal in the skies;  
And we, who listen to his notes of praise,  
We, for whom still that kingly crown abides,  
Mysterious with the everlasting reign  
Of Him who came on earth—to us perhaps,

May be forgiven the fancy that we heard  
His voice almost expire in song. And now,  
On Judah's royal throne, the Wise Man sat.

**END OF PART SECOND.**

# HIEROSOLYMA.

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## PART THIRD.

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E coelo descendit. *γυνῶσι σαυρόν.*  
From heaven the voice descended, Know thyself,  
The mind has ever been a mystery.  
Before the golden rays of truth came down  
Unclouded from the heavens, in olden times  
Dim, shadowy gleams across the darkness shone,  
Like fitful fires amid the storms of night.  
Teachings from nature, such as only then  
Uncertain fell, obscurely given or found;  
Dull, vapoury clouds that in the horizon hung,  
E'en in opaqueness, yet of lighter waft,  
And more ethereal than the cumbrous mass  
Which lifeless seemed, and never from itself  
Evolved elastic shape, or lighter mould  
Of springing form; dull intimations sent,  
Like traces of the lightning in the clouds  
Before the fiery flash, coming from far,  
And telling rather of what yet might be;  
Something perhaps like these first inward came,  
And by the dawning light reflected, rose  
To gradual observation; and the power  
Distinctive, thought, or reason, or whate'er  
Has been its designation, later formed,  
Awoke to conscious being and a name.  
These faint perceptions, which like early beams,  
Grey through the morning mists came struggling  
down,

By strength of a deep inner feeling raised  
 To station more contemplative, went forth  
 Among the movements of the breathing world,  
 And slower by degrees began to trace  
 The laws which regulate their change, and bring  
 Through all deep harmonies and concord firm,  
 Life, light and joy in silent blessings round.  
 Thought thus awakened, to itself returned,  
 Itself it saw in seeing all things thus,  
 Itself it knew not, whence it came, or how,  
 But ever on its unseen wings would fly,  
 Now here, now there, and like a captive bird,  
 Fluttered and beat against its prison bars.  
 It came from heaven. What came from heaven?  
 a voice.

And where is heaven? Heaven is beyond the sky.  
 And was it made? He who is there can tell;  
 His name is God. I know he is, because  
 I know this wide world never came of nought;  
 I know he is, because I feel him here;  
 Nature is here, and God is every where.  
 Hence in those famous schools of ancient lore,  
 Whose great, wise masters, with far reaching  
 thought,

Stood on the verge of immortality,  
 There rose that higher question of the soul  
 Involved in speculation pure, their doubts  
 All unresolved, or rather say, no light  
 Of sunshine clear, or starry radiance bright  
 To thread the wandering maze. Of them were born,  
 When reason on her central throne grew proud,  
 And with refined assumption, ventured bold,  
 First to create the sovereign power, and then  
 By her own will to fix his attributes,  
 That host of errors from the night shades sprung,  
 Walking with squint-eyed face, seeming to look  
 All ways but where their own blear optics turn.  
 Hence too have fabled monsters had their birth,

And armies of false gods and idols foul,  
Grim with their bloody rites; thus has it been,  
And ever shall be; they who seek to find  
More than resolves the simplest forms of truth,  
Will people heaven with other gods than one.  
The wisdom of the schools perhaps was wise,  
It shook the mists of prejudice, it gave  
More lofty views of things to be attained;  
The man of Plato might have been made worse.  
What shall we say then of Chaldean lore,  
Running far in the depths of eldest time,  
Where signs and constellations have been traced  
Among the stars, thousands of years ago?  
Records of time computed by a mark  
And index fixed forever sure in heaven,  
While dark eclipses in their shadowy course,  
Fell from the intercepted, moving world.  
Or further east, where that strange people live,  
Who count their centuries of thousand years,  
Unknowing change, with many curious arts  
Indicative of skill and high design  
Known to themselves; nor any time have come  
Outside barbarians with intruding eye.  
Celestial dwellers on this mundane sphere,  
They live apart; their monarchs once in life,  
Take a long journey on great dragons' wings,  
Whose end perhaps, the sage Confucius knows.  
These all in human knowledge are held wise,  
With many more, astrologers and they  
Who count by horoscope, and figures see  
Moving in magic glass, in every age,  
Found with their wand and circles; foolish all;  
Unable with their alchemy to find  
The philosophic stone, how could they track  
The human soul, essence ethereal, pure  
And uncompounded, which no eye can see,  
Or ear its passage mark, gone on its wings,  
Rising to worlds unseen. There let them lie,



Honoured as fools, wise as the new-born race,  
Whose vision transcendental sweeps away  
Beyond what never was, making a point  
Central at home, for which all nature smiles ;  
Mysterious links of naked, human wills,  
Bound as free agents to the sovereign head.  
Strange heap of logic, miscalled rational.

But Wisdom's voice is heard to cry aloud,  
Calling from God. She, eldest born, came down  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or depths  
Their being knew, or water fountains leaped,  
Rejoicing in their crystal courses free ;  
From everlasting, while the earth was not,  
And fields, and dust high scattered o'er the world.  
Heaven was prepared for her, and clouds above,  
And dark foundations deep, at His command,  
Daily rejoicing in her presence there.

She was his choice, to whom the crown was given  
Of honour, riches, strength and power unknown  
Among the potentates of earth ; his words  
Are proverbs, current on the lips of men.  
One generation is, and one is not,  
The earth forever stands. His way the sun,  
Rising or falling, still unchanging knows.  
The winds from all their circuit wide return ;  
The rivers backward to their fountains go ;  
Nor eye, nor ear is filled. That which has been  
Shall be. Ask of old time, See, this is new ;  
Behold remembrance vanishes away,  
And all is vanity beneath the sun.  
Remember thy Creator in thy youth,  
While evil days come not, nor years draw nigh,  
When pleasant things can give thee no delight ;  
Before the sun is darkened, and the stars,  
Or clouds come back, returning after rain.  
The day in which the strong men shall bow down,  
The grinders' sound be hushed, and music cease  
Among her daughters with their voice brought low.

Desire shall fail, and fear be in the way,  
Because to his long home man goeth now,  
And mourners in the streets are heard; or yet  
The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl  
Be broken, or the wheel and fountain stopped—  
Then shall the earth return to dust again,  
The spirit unto God from whom it came.

This is the reign of Solomon the king,  
The son of David on his father's throne,  
His kingdom high established, and his heart  
With wisdom filled, pure knowledge come from God:  
Honoured of men, in council halls renowned,  
Whose judgments, like those even handed scales  
Of fabled balance, most exactly gave  
All nicest shades of difference justice asks.  
This Israel knew when he to Gibeon went  
And sacrificed, and thence returning, saw  
Two women and one child, who him besought  
To judge between the living and the dead.  
So from afar the Queen of Sheba came,  
With unbelieving heart; behold, the half  
Was told me not, fame has belied herself.  
Happy are these thy servants who remain,  
And in thy presence listen to thy voice.  
Thus was he wiser than the wisest found,  
Than eastern magi or Egyptian priests.  
Wise above all known to the nations round.  
Of trees, and beasts, and creeping things he spake,  
Of fowls and fishes on the land and sea,  
And secret thoughts within the heart of men;  
He spake of all things, for he spake from God.  
These are well known in proverbs and in songs,  
Where understanding reaches, and the voice  
Joins with the heart, and strikes the chords of praise:  
The Songs of Solomon will never die.

Now had the king remembered all the words  
Which David spoke, the patterns and the charge  
Given by the Spirit for the house most high,

The holy temple of the living God.  
Chief of the acts that graced his royal reign,  
Of all the wealth and honours thus enjoyed,  
And wisdom with immortal wreath entwined,  
This stands supreme, this crowns the arch that  
springs

Majestic to the skies, with ashlers bold,  
And ring stones rustic in rich beauty rare,  
Sublimely centred on their golden key.  
Then was the building of the work begun  
In the fourth year, and messengers were sent  
To Hiram, Tyrian king, remembering still  
The former salutations he had given  
When David reigned, that he should seek out men  
Cunning to fashion gold and silver forms,  
And work in brass and iron, crimson, blue,  
And purple colours, with the skill to grave  
Like those of Judah and Jerusalem,  
Before appointed and provided there.  
Also to hew down cedar trees and gum  
On Mount Libanus, and with rule and square  
Their polished sides to true proportions bring,  
Fit for a house most wonderful and great,  
According to the glorious promise made,  
When visions of the heavenly Spirit came.  
The strangers also in the land were told,  
And on the mountains to their work ordained,  
By thousands in due order were arranged.

Now these instructions for the house were given,  
On Mount Moriah builded, in the place  
Which David had prepared, the threshing floor  
Where Ornan bowed before the altar reared,  
And for his offerings was accepted found.  
Three score in length the measured cubits ran,  
And twenty broad, with twenty for the porch  
In front, and five score added for its height;  
Within he overlaid it with pure gold.  
The ceilings of the greater house were firs

Inlaid with gold, with palm trees set and chains ;  
Its garniture was made of precious stones  
Most beautiful, and all the beams and posts,  
The walls and doors with plates of gold were bound.  
Above graved cherubims with wings appeared.  
Six hundred talents for the holy house,  
And golden nails by weight were given : its halls  
And upper chambers in like form adorned.  
Two images of cherubims with wings  
Joined and expanded, o'er the altar spread,  
Full twenty cubits round ; their faces turned  
Towards the inner wall ; The veil was made  
Of blue and purple on fine linen drawn,  
With crimson, where the cherubims ascend.  
Before the doors two lofty pillars stood,  
With chapiters crowned, and chains around their  
heads ;  
Upon the chains hung pomegranates festooned.  
Also two others, on the right and left,  
One was Establishment, the other Strength.  
Of equal breadth and length the altar was,  
Ten cubits high, and twenty made the square.  
From brim to brim there flowed a molten sea,  
And oxen underneath around it placed,  
Twelve standing ; north and east, and south, and west  
By threes they looked, their faces outward turned.  
Upon the brim were flowers of lilies wove,  
And of the baths three thousand it received.  
Ten lavers and ten candlesticks of gold,  
Ten tables and an hundred bowls were formed,  
And on each side arranged, left hand and right.  
At the east end the molten sea was placed.  
And all the courts which to the priests belonged,  
The great court and the doors, were overlaid  
With polished brass. Ten bases then he made,  
Four cubits square and three in height ; the work  
Was bordered on the ledges, and between  
Were lions, cherubims and oxen graved,

With filligree of lighter kind beneath.  
 Four chariot wheels each brazen base sustained,  
 With axles joined, and naves, and molten spokes,  
 And undersettings to the corners fixed.  
 The top was round, with plates of ledges carved,  
 And graven borders, on its mouth four square.  
 All these were cast one measure and one size.  
 And all the work which Hiram wrought was there,  
 Pillars, and bowls, and chapter net work fine,  
 With pomegranates in double rows, bases  
 And lavers, and the oxen for the sea,  
 And pots and shovels, with their instruments  
 Of burnished brass, all in the plain of Jordan cast.  
 Then for the vessels of the house of God,  
 The altar worship and the table placed,  
 Were candle-sticks and burning lamps arranged,  
 Before the oracle, and flowers, and lamps,  
 And tongs, the censers and the spoons, and doors  
 That opened inward on the holy place,  
 Were fashioned all in form of perfect gold.  
 Thus was the work completed, with the things  
 Which David brought, and all in order set  
 Among the treasures of the house of God.  
 All finished—in whose building was no sound  
 Of hammer, axe, or tool of iron heard;  
 But one by one, the stones and beams were laid,  
 Smooth dressed and polished, silently arranged.

Then came the elders and the heads of tribes,  
 The chief of all the fathers, by command  
 Of Solomon, to bring the covenant Ark  
 From David's house. The Levites bore it there,  
 And with the priests the sacred vessels took,  
 And in the oracle, the place most high,  
 Under the cherubims, exalted wings,  
 Which round o'ershadowed all the inner veil,  
 They laid it down, where since no eye profane  
 Has looked within, or bold intruder's foot  
 Been known to enter; which to do was death.

And there was sacrifice of numerous beasts,  
Oxen and sheep not told for numbers great;  
And all the congregation gathered there,  
And worshipped with the king. And so it came  
That when the priests, with sacred robes and clean,  
Had passed, returning from the holy place;  
Also the Levites and the singers, clothed  
In raiment of white linen, having harps  
And well-tuned cymbals with their psalteries,  
They by the golden altar stood, the priests  
Their trumpets sounding from the eastern side.  
The trumpeters and singers all were one,  
They made one sound of praise and glory high,  
Trumpets and cymbals, and their voice was heard  
Together praising God; for he is good,  
His mercies shall forever firm endure.  
Behold, a cloud now came upon the place,  
No priest was at the altar, singing sounds  
All died away, trumpet and cymbal ceased;  
One great, o'ershadowing glory filled the house,  
The glory of the presence of the Lord.

Then Solomon arose and said; I know  
That God will not in darkness dwell; for thee  
I build a habitation, and a place  
Forever for thy dwelling. Thou art blessed,  
Because thy name is in Jerusalem,  
Thy chosen seat. And now, before the hosts  
Of Israel, Levites, singers, priests and scribes,  
The elders and the fathers standing there,  
Upon the brazen scaffold kneeling low,  
With outstretched hands, he raised his voice to  
heaven;

This house we build to thee, thy temple now  
We rear, with votive offerings hither brought,  
And consecrated things to honour thee.  
O Lord of Israel, there is none like thee,  
In earth or heaven, thy covenant keeping now,  
And mercy to thy servants thus displayed,

Walking before thee here with upright heart.  
Now therefore for the words which thou hast spoke,  
There shall not fail a man, before my sight  
To sit on Israel's throne ; let now thy word  
Be verified this day. But wilt thou then  
In very deed, with men, dwell on the earth ?  
Behold, the heaven of heavens cannot contain  
Thy presence, therefore how much less this house  
Which I have built ? Yet hearken now, O Lord,  
Unto the cry and prayer thy servant sends,  
That on this house by night and day, thine eyes  
May open, on the place writ with thy name,  
To hearken to the prayers thy servants pray,  
Thy people Israel, praying towards this place ;  
Hear Thou from heaven, Thy dwelling-place, from  
heaven,

And when thou hearest, forgive. If one man sin  
Against his neighbour, and he make an oath  
Before thine altar, in thy holy house,  
Then do thou hear from heaven, and mark and judge,  
And let the wicked to his ways be turned,  
And justify the righteous in thy sight.  
And if thy people sin against thy name,  
And in their sins are smitten by their foes,  
And shall return and call upon thee here,  
Praying with supplication in this house ;  
Then do thou hear them from the heavens, forgive,  
And bring them to their father's land again.  
When heaven is shut, and all its fountains sealed,  
And rain and dews no more are on the earth,  
When dearth and pestilence are seen abroad,  
And mildews, blastings, and the locust rage,  
Whatever sore or sickness there may be ;  
If yet one man, or all thy people here  
Spread out their hands before thy altar thus ;  
Then do thou hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And answer, and forgive, and turn their hearts,  
Whose hearts thou knowest, that they may fear,

And all thy ways and just commandments keep,  
Walking before thee in their father's land.  
And if the stranger from far countries comes,  
For thy name's sake, thine outstretched hand and  
arm;

Then do thou hear according to his prayer,  
That all the people in the earth may know  
The house of Israel, called by thy great name.  
And if to war thy people should depart,  
And pray towards the city thou hast chosen;  
And if they sin, for no man sinneth not,  
And captive fall before thy angry face;  
Yet should they turn again to thee, and pray,  
And in captivity their voice be heard  
Towards this land unto their fathers given,  
Towards the city thou hast chosen, the house  
Here builded for thy name—then in the heavens,  
Hear thou from heaven, thy dwelling place, their  
prayer

And supplication, and maintain their cause,  
And for their prayers, do thou their sins forgive.  
Now therefore to thy resting place, arise,  
Ark of the living God; and let thy priests  
Be with salvation clothed, and let thy saints  
In goodness all rejoice. Turn not, O Lord,  
The face of thine anointed quite away,  
Remember thou the mercies David knew.

Then to the prayer which Solomon had made,  
An answer came in fire from heaven, and there  
Consumed the offerings and the sacrifice,  
The sheep and oxen by ten thousands slain:  
And all the glory of the Lord was seen.  
And for the fire and glory thus displayed,  
The presence of the majesty most high,  
The people bowed their faces to the ground,  
And to the priests and Levites trumpets loud,  
The sound of instrumental music old  
Which David made, they worshipped in full praise,



Before the altar hallowed to the Lord.  
So was the holy temple all complete,  
A house most high, which they who pass shall see  
Astonished, in its glorious beauty bright,  
With beams of cedar polished, and with gold,  
With precious stones inlaid, and overwrought  
With crimson, blue and purple, that famed dye  
Of Tyrian hue, which no man since has seen,  
Forever lost: A house like which, the earth  
In all its utmost bounds has never known,  
Beyond compare of mortal skill or art  
Ingenious; antique science with its powers  
Simple and grand, or clustered flowering rich,  
In Doric chasteness or Corinthian grace,  
Here backward falls, quite buried in the shade.  
Not that so famous, which at Ephesus  
To great Diana stood, by him of old  
Immortal blackened with his blacker name;  
Nor that majestic o'er the Athenian wave,  
Standing in ruins, where the modern Goths  
Have later pillaged what escaped the wreck  
Of Turkish and Venetian wars; nor those  
Which in long avenues among the sands  
Appeared, sun-temples in the desert built,  
Where great Longinus and Zenobia sat;  
Nor what beyond the western Andes high,  
Pizarro with his fierce Castilians spoiled,  
And the old Inca robbed, piling up gold  
As stones are heaped, whole rooms with treasure  
filled.

Thus was the Jewish worship made complete,  
Its rites and ceremonies all ordained,  
Fulfilling now the Red Sea choral song  
Of Moses, when in vision of long years,  
He saw the Mount and Temple glorious built.  
Holy of holies, prophets saw thee stand,  
As now, in living beauty, and their voice  
Far through the wilderness in rapture broke,

Speaking of thee ; thy walls and golden gates,  
And lofty ceilings, like the vault of heaven,  
Studded with gems ; thy altar and the veil,  
Where, as on Sinai's top, the fiery cloud  
Descended, shadow of the skirts of God.

Here may we pause ; too long the strain has run  
Pursuing things divine. Now rather turn,  
And with less thought of aspiration bold,  
Leaving the presence chamber, for a while  
With more attentive eye regard, what else  
Recorded, Clio and her muse has sung,  
Herself a fable, not the truths she brings,  
Whose meaning best may aid our well-tuned song.  
And yet perhaps, before that other light,  
In which again appearing, we may see,  
Those whom we thus have seen, far different,  
To greater ends designed, yet equal so  
God's high decrees most righteous to fulfill,  
The thought might travel onward for a space,  
And later follow where the Tisbite came,  
Whom ravens fed ; or with Elisha stand  
At Jordan's waters, when the mantle fell,  
Whose voice was known unto the Shunamite.  
Long lines of kings are there, who evil wrought,  
Turning to idol-worship, by strange gods  
Enticed, Belial and Moloch, and the rites  
Of Ashtaroth, dwelling in Phenician coasts.  
Some living felt the wrath of God, and walked  
With palsied limbs ; most fell by violence,  
Returning on their impious crimes ; all bad,  
Until Josiah came ; the horrid crew,  
False gods and prophets, all to hell's dark shades  
He sent promiscuous, and in chains fast bound.  
Or shall we, rather to the captive plains  
Retire, along whose streams the people wept,  
While on their banks the harp and willow hung ?  
To Chebar, where Ezekiel's vision came ?  
Or listen to his lamentations loud,

For whom the city solitary sat?  
 Alas! all is deserted, and the winds,  
 Sighing amid the desolation, sweep  
 With melancholy sound, and faint expire,  
 Drawn to the valley of dry bones away.  
 We go not to the Persian and the Mede,  
 For the lost tribes to seek; No Daniel now  
 Reads the mysterious writing on the wall.

Remnants of Israel who o'er Jordan passed,  
 And by the captive streams in sorrow wept,  
 Time with unchanging course has changed the race  
 Of mortal men; their name, their memory fade,  
 They pass away, and are not seen again.  
 But ye are here, still as in days of old,  
 One people, without change, Levite and priest  
 Whom David in the temple courses placed.  
 Yes, ye are here; aye say, where are ye not?  
 On the round living world, your time is yet  
 In patience to abide; abide your time,  
 It sooner comes or later, near or far,  
 Who knows? What if ye tarry till He come?

Look westward now. On that long neck of land  
 Seen in the inland sea, whose waters skirt  
 The bounds of southern Europe, and beyond,  
 Passing to Mauritanian shores, go out  
 Between the pillars of Jove's fabled son,  
 To where the famed Hesperian gardens lay,  
 A seven-hilled city stands, of high renown,  
 Built where the Tiber rolls his yellow wave,  
 Its name extended through the wide world known.  
 While yet in Babylon the captives dwelt,  
 Ere Cyrus reigned, and his decree went forth,  
 Which Ezra heard, proclaiming joyful news;  
 Its walls were laid by Rhea's sons, twin-born,  
 Whom the she-wolf preserved; though earlier fame  
 Has found their annals with the Trojan race,  
 That knew Achilles' wrath, and in sore flight,  
 Wandered among the adverse winds and gods,

And so to Latium came ; pleasant in song,  
Though not for that to be accounted here.  
Old Pagan history with her myths is found,  
Seeking out truths beyond her skill to know,  
And rather, in false pride, would have them be  
Wrapped in mysterious shrouds ; for so the mind,  
By fancy's pictures flattered, loves to dwell  
Among its misty shades, and reads far off  
A higher heritage than earth can give.  
Thus Rome was born of Mars, symbol perhaps  
Of what she was, child of the god of war.  
With her is boyhood's early memory found,  
Well pleased when Romulus his omens saw,  
Or by Egerian fountains Numa heard  
The sacred voice divine ; nor less with him,  
Who on the Milvian bridge, with single hand  
Unconquered stood ; and those three brothers bold,  
Whose swords the fate of mighty empires held.  
The patriot doubly loves to hear the tale  
Of Brutus, and of him the Volsci took  
Unjustly banished, nor to Rome returned,  
Till Coriolanus was a name of fear.  
Of ancient fame are those grey-headed men,  
Robed senators in silence sitting, when  
Before the wild barbarian hordes, whose chief  
Balanced his sword against their lighter gold,  
The walls were crumbled, and the sentinel  
Was waked at night by voice of foolish birds,  
Not foolish now, but once in wisdom heard.  
These are the men whose names are since renowned,  
Throughout the world ; and others like to them,  
Scipio, and Cato, and King Pyrrhus' friend  
Quintus Fabricius, with the chieftain found  
Following the plough ; all held in high esteem,  
By modern teachers for examples given  
Of worth and dignity in civil life,  
And of far greater import, early trained,  
By discipline severe, to conquer self,

Fit rulers over men, of equal skill,  
To govern wisely and retire with grace.  
Hence has the name, to them applied, been found  
Wherever highest honour is attained ;  
And still transferred, we take it for our own,  
When judging by comparison, we hold  
The tribute worthy to be thus bestowed ;  
For Roman firmness is a proverb now.

Later among their lists is seen—when wealth  
Had grown with lavish strides, and far  
Their power extended, one by one around,  
And wide and wider as the circling wave,  
Adding contiguous nations—civil strife  
And wars intestine, by commotion stirred,  
Sure sign that in its bosom were the seeds  
Of latent dissolution, far postponed  
Perhaps, but through long years to rise,  
In factious struggles ; brutal power of men  
By rage inflated, real wrongs or false ;  
Of little consequence, for blood must flow.  
And art with higher skill new luxuries gave,  
Seeking to fill the morbid appetite,  
With forms of beauty added to the sense,  
Which through imagination gaily rose,  
And passing first impressions, dug a grave  
For moral feeling, making virtue still,  
In light apparel decked, frail slave to vice.  
So has it ever been. The early dawn  
That rose on art, and wove her simple dress,  
Pure from refracted morning sun-beams came ;  
No floating clouds, no grey-eyed mists were there,  
Obscuring half its beauty ; but the red  
And purple, grounding on the clear, blue sky,  
Blended harmonious with distinctive lines,  
That only made their difference less appear.  
So will it be. Mistaken lights are seen  
Dim through a haze of fogs that pall the sense,  
Thick exhalations from the night-damps risen,

Those darker mists that cloud the human soul,  
Rob it of all perception, or at least,  
Prevent its egress, till the inner eye,  
By the false glare first flattered, then deceived,  
At last by habit second nature sees,  
And all the forms once worshipped as divine,  
In flaunting robes like harlots now appear,  
And lewdly sport around the Cyprian queen.  
Nor were distinctions wanting, based on pride  
Beyond true merit, ever to be found  
With riches side by side ; but where to draw  
The line is hard, and still more hard to keep.  
Patrician dignity offensive seemed,  
Because perhaps it built too high a wall ;  
Or else was found false in its own conceit ;  
And so plebeian hatred sprung, which far  
In opposite extreme went fuming loud,  
Without consideration or design  
Except a change of things ; from whence the ex-  
tremes

Hot-headed met, and for result produced  
The famed Agrarian laws ; a title given  
For all things held in common, and by all  
With equal privilege to be enjoyed.  
Most ancient socialists, beginning thus,  
Whose progress was confusion ; now revived,  
And aped in modern times, with phalanxes,  
And other regulations marvelous  
In wisdom, wanting only common sense ;  
Such phantasies may grace Utopian dreams.

But ancient Rome may boast of higher things,  
And point the eye to triumphs such as shew  
More noble by comparison, and give  
To darker history a pleasant light.  
By force of arms victorious, she subdued  
Far nations to her will, but held them not  
As vassals, slavish serfs of sovereign power ;  
Her conquests with them carried laws, and made

All distant provinces unite as one,  
 And gather to one centre; free-born men  
 Became her children; and their highest pride  
 And best defence, wherever they might go,  
 Was to be found a Roman citizen.  
 This made the Roman empire; more than all,  
 It bound together distant tribes of men,  
 And held them members of one family.  
 Union is strength, and thus while Rome was free,  
 She stood united, and her arms and laws,  
 Together moving, made the world her throne.  
 Here too, with growing years, there came the gloss  
 Of higher cultivation, powers of thought  
 Expanded and refined, from whence arose  
 Discursive eloquence, or what more strong  
 Enchained the will, and made all feelings rise  
 Responsive to the hand that swept the strings.  
 From elder Greece, the eastern winds that played  
 Around the blue Symplegades, and kissed  
 The thousand isles that stud the Egean sea;  
 Or higher, passing the Acropolis,  
 Made lulling sounds in Academus' shade,  
 And touched the breathing forms that seemed to  
 speak

The voice of Phidias and Praxitiles—  
 These to the younger Queen were wafted o'er;  
 And with the pencil and the poet's dream,  
 Fancy awaking rose; and not less sweet,  
 The song was heard of pastoral music soft,  
 Joined with the murmurings of the honey bee,  
 Or bolder followed where blind Homer sung,  
 Tracking the footsteps of the pious race  
 Faithful to their high destiny, nor could  
 Phœnician Dido stay the Roman fates.  
 The famed Augustan age—when to the sun  
 Shining in noontide blaze, the eagle soared  
 Undazzled, and with plumes of circling wing,  
 Careering sailed o'er monumental piles,

And trophies crowned with victory's laurel wreath,  
Triumphal cars with monarchs in their train,  
And amphitheatres of vast extent,  
Blazing in gold and purple-draped seats,  
Where on the arena's sand, bitter in death,  
The gladiator fell; temples and fanes  
Reared on their hills Capitoline, Coelian  
And Aventine, with Janus, double-faced,  
Now closed in peace. Not mighty Babylon,  
Nor Mede or Persian empire stretched more fair,  
Nor in their palmy days, in fancy's dream,  
Could see a halo round their temples shine,  
Like what appeared on thee, eternal Rome.  
Look, what a diadem the Cesars wear,  
Inherited from him who passed the stream,  
Which since imaginary, rolls between  
All high designs and what beyond them lies;  
Whether for real good, or darker crimes  
Of mad ambition, reckoned from the hour,  
Fearful or bold, the Rubicon was crossed.  
Far to the Atlantic wave it westward stretched,  
Where Tagus' golden waters ran, and erst  
The Carthaginian leader marked his course  
To those high hills of everlasting snow,  
By Rome a bulwark deemed; and further north,  
The Celt and Cimbrian fell before the tide  
Which onward to Britannia rolled its course.  
Ultima Thule, where the Druids dwelt,  
Forming perhaps those curious heaps of stone,  
Now seen near Salisbury plain; its higher bound  
Was skirted by a wall, where then the Pict  
And Caledonian, fierce barbarians roamed,  
Whose Queen this day is mistress of the seas.  
Wild savage hordes of Huns and Goths who spread  
O'er Central Europe, with the nomade tribes  
That lived in wagons, and their tents removed  
As circumstance or whim required—these all  
Were Roman Provinces; and to the South,



On Afric's shore, the house of Pharaoh bowed,  
 Stung by an aspic—famed Egyptian Queen.  
 And Greece with her democracies went down,  
 The Spartan hero and Athenian sage,  
 And all his empire who on Ganges stream  
 Sailed with his Macedonian phalanx; gone,  
 And swallowed in the sea. Parthian and Mede,  
 Syrian and Persian bent their bows in vain.  
 The dwellers in Phenicia were afraid,  
 Judah and Benjamin their tribute gave,  
 And all King David's people, who once came  
 With free will offerings for the house of God,  
 Cesar Augustus taxed; and o'er the land  
 Where Abraham slept, a Roman tetrarch ruled.

Evening came down upon the sabbath day  
 Through all Judea's plains. The air was still.  
 No wind was playing in the silver leaves,  
 No sound of music from the distance rose.  
 Upon the holy mount the stars looked down  
 Clear shining, as when some great storm has passed.  
 Night silent watched; like one by a sick bed,  
 When the low breathings mark the anxious hour,  
 On which hangs life and death. A feeble light  
 Is seen from far, above the horizon's verge,  
 Just where the sun would be; awhile it hangs,  
 Fluttering and flickering, till a deeper flush  
 Of crimson rays, now clearer rise beyond;  
 And high and higher from the day-god sprung,  
 Light, living light, is on the distant hills—  
 And in the east Aurora radiant woke.

END OF PART THIRD.

# HIEROSOLYMA,

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## PART FOURTH.

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### HYMN ON THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION.

On the sepulchral stone,  
Ere the third morning shone,  
Far in the east, a golden cloud hung bright;  
Fore-heralding the sun,  
That he his course might run  
Through the glad day in full, celestial light;  
Nor longer hide his cheerful rays,  
For the black deed which held all earth in fixed  
amaze.

Darkness in that dread hour  
Resumed her ancient power,  
The Prince of Darkness for a time was strong;  
Around the dismal coast,  
The black, infernal host,  
Half seemed to triumph in a groaning song:  
And high through all the realms of air,  
Went up a dying sound of wailing and despair.

The graves gave up their dead,  
Forth from their lonely bed,  
In robes of white the saints which slept arose;  
The earth with terror shook,

The sun refused to look,  
In dark eclipse, on such transcendent woes.  
The temple's veil was rent in twain,  
And rocks were heaved apart, and seemed to sigh  
in pain.

In agony He cried,  
And bowed his head and died,  
While sighing spirits caught his parting breath;  
In the dark grave He laid,  
The heavy ransom paid,  
And so by dying conquered sin and death.  
No more the gates of hell prevail,  
Nor stars affrighted turn, and fly in courses pale.

For now o'er all the ground,  
Celestial brightness round,  
In a full orb of heavenly radiance shone;  
And by the glittering light,  
Arrayed in dazzling white,  
A glorious band surround the sealed stone;  
Like them whom erst in dreams of old  
And solemn visions deep, the holy prophets told.

And as the purple day  
Full in the orient lay,  
Up rose the sun, his journey to begin;  
But far exceeding his,  
Their shining glory is,  
Now watching round their sleeping Lord within.  
When lo, the stone was rolled away,  
And forth apparelled bright, he rose to meet the day.

Not like the angelic band,  
Who round in wonder stand,  
No robes of glory yet are his to wear;  
In mortal shape he stood,  
A form of flesh and blood,  
Like those whose sins he came on earth to bear;

And with the blessed light of day,  
The bitter cup of death forever passed away.

And now with circling wing,  
They form in glittering ring,  
Ere to the empyreal heavens they wheel their flight;  
With harps of stringed noise,  
Their pure, celestial voice,  
In strains of nine-fold harmony unite.  
Glory, they sing to God most high,  
By all the hosts on earth, and armies of the sky.

For He is risen to-day,  
Who in the grave did lay,  
And all the powers of Hell are captive led:  
Let the wide earth around,  
Ring out in joyful sound,  
Till to the farthest heavens the news is spread;  
And wake in songs and anthems clear,  
A universal chant through every starry sphere.

Now Truth and Mercy meet  
In full-orbed bliss complete,  
And Peace and Righteousness to earth descend;  
And like a bow of showers,  
The light celestial pours,  
Far as the crystal bounds of heaven extend;  
Nor longer dare the shadows stay,  
But fly like spectres pale, on their night steeds away.

Old Titan's earth-born race,  
Astonished hide their face,  
And Pan and Faunus with the Satyr crew;  
No more is heard the shout  
Of that Rhodopean rout,  
Which once the woods and rocks in rapture knew:  
And all the hideous train around,  
With awful terror struck, sink in the yawning ground.

The Priest with sudden start,  
Gazed on the beating heart,  
Then fled, and left untold the omen dire;  
The altar's lambent flame,  
Went out in guilty shame,  
And with loud noise the crackling sparks expire;  
The bird of Jove his wings outspread,  
And frightened flew away, but fell unstruck, quite dead.

Around Heavens crescent Queen  
No virgin troop is seen,  
In moon struck madness beating wild the air;  
Sea-born Aphrodite,  
And sleeker Panope,  
Now comb not on the waves their amber hair;  
While far in realms of gloomy Dis,  
The rape of Ceres' daughter, deep avenged is.

To sacred grove and spring,  
No pale-eyed sorcerers bring  
The rites mysterious which the wood-god claimed;  
The wizard spell is broke  
That bound his charmed oak,  
And powerless falls his idol image maimed;  
And streams and forest caves around,  
Send from their depths a drear and melancholy  
sound.

Odin's pale fire is dim,  
No wailing voice or hymn  
Recalls the sun-god from his captive shore;  
In vain through earth and air,  
All nature weeps in prayer,  
Balder the Beautiful comes back no more;  
Though in the honored post he sleeps,  
A higher power than Loke there his prison keeps.

And from Olympus' height,  
Urania wings her flight,

Nor can she longer with the Muses dwell ;  
For she came down of old,  
In pure, ethereal mould,  
No fabled dream as poets vainly tell ;  
Some lips she touched with hallowed flame,  
And so her errand done, returns from whence she  
came.

This is the reign on earth,  
Of Him, whose wondrous birth,  
The wise men hailed from Bethlehem's leading star ;  
We hail thee Prince of Peace,  
Thy reign shall never cease,  
While planets roll in bright procession far ;  
Glory and honour, love and power,  
Be unto thee, O God, henceforth and evermore.

And now the angelic train  
No longer can remain,  
But with plumed wings prepare to take their flight ;  
And at a signal given,  
They wheel away towards heaven,  
In courses marked by streams of showering light.  
Meanwhile, with unobstructed ray,  
The sun led on in heaven, the blest, auspicious day.

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When on Mount Olivet the Saviour stood,  
And much revolving, with prophetic eye  
And melancholy thought, gazed on the scene  
That lay beneath him, movements made by pride,  
Deceitful in its strength, yet boasting oft,  
And ever to its own destruction turned,  
And saw the temple glorious in the light,  
The full, clear light of heaven, and worshippers  
Around its courts and altars, with the priests

In white-robed linen clothed, their sacrifice  
 And offerings made according to the rites  
 Which Moses gave, themselves now ignorant,  
 With wilful heart and blind, of greater times  
 Here coming, greater change soon to take place,  
 When from the altar of the living heart,  
 The grateful incense should arise to heaven,  
 Pleasant in memory of the sacrifice  
 Once offered up for all, thought not by them  
 Accounted worthy; as before his eyes  
 This picture moved, perhaps a tear arose  
 In those mild orbs of clear, celestial blue,  
 And o'er his face a cloud was seen to pass,  
 Such as in heaven is seen when angels weep;  
 And with a sigh exceeding mournful, then  
 In sorrow, not in anger, thus he spoke;  
 If thou had'st known, e'en thou, in this thy day,  
 The things of peace now hidden from thine eyes—  
 Behold, the appointed time is close at hand,  
 When round thine enemies shall compass thee,  
 And keep thee in on every side, because  
 Thou knewest not the day when in their house,  
 Thy children low shall fall, and thou thyself,  
 Thy walls, thy courts, thy temple and thy gates,  
 Shall level lie, all naked on the ground,  
 And not one stone upon another stand.  
 And now, behold, the hour drew nigh.

That morn

Was fair as ever shone on Palestine.  
 The sun came up in glory from the east,  
 And like a crown of diamonds, his beams  
 On Jordan's waters fell; then glancing off,  
 Far on the summit of the hills they played,  
 Till as he higher rose, the glittering sheen,  
 Downward in beauty took its shining way,  
 And in one gorgeous panoply arrayed,  
 The thousand cities of Judea's plains.  
 Twice had the sun his annual circuit filled,

And nine revolving moons had passed away,  
Waxing and waning as the shadows fall  
From the oblique ecliptic, since the time  
Titus Vespasian with his cohorts came,  
Encompassing the Holy City's walls.  
Above his tent the Roman eagle rose,  
Fluttering in silken folds, and wide abroad  
With wings expanded, proudly seemed to wear  
The glories won in triumphs near and far,  
That clustered then in martial wreaths around  
The dread Pannonian legions. Now he stood,  
Young Prince of Rome, before the very gates  
Of that strange people, who his father's laws  
Despising, worse than barbarous seemed,  
Nor could their name or character be traced,  
Hid in such high antiquity, to whom  
Old Chronos' son was known a fable, and  
The myriad-hosted train of heathen gods,  
So held by them, were only as a name.  
How strange, that here, on the mysterious scroll  
In which are bound the records of mankind,  
Great dials of the sun, where may be traced  
The light that falls in shadows by the marks  
And figures graved for time ; how strange, that here  
They should be found, to whom in equal change,  
Must one day come the conquering sign in heaven,  
Before whose emblem mightiest nations bow ;  
And in that great eternal City, proud  
Destroyer of Jerusalem, a throne  
More mighty than the Cæsars knew, should stand,  
With its great temple pointing to the skies,  
In beauty rare, and work of art complete,  
Wonder and glory of the Christian world.  
Judea's land had ever been to Rome  
In name a province only ; for the soil  
The patriarchs trod, where holy prophets came  
With living fire that on the altar high  
Was kindled by immortal flame, where rocks,



And trees, and hills, and signs in earth and air,  
And sun and moon in heavenly courses stayed,  
And silent sleepers under Dead Sea waves—  
The soil from which such memories rose and walked,  
Or crowded thronging on the eastern winds,  
Beyond where Jordan rolls, from Babylon  
And Nineveh, Ur of Chaldees—not here  
Could art, or wealth, or force of conquering arms,  
With augured omens flying through the air,  
Or hollow voices from the rocky steep,  
Such as Apollo gave, efface the thought  
And form of living worship, or the faith  
Which in election proudly looked to heaven,  
For signs and miracles of former days ;  
Heaven, which they left upon Mount Calvary.  
War, unrelenting war, was now the sign.  
Rome in her strength had come, once more aroused  
From the black pall that seemed to circle round  
The vast funereal pyre, which to the strains  
Of Nero's music, flamed against the sky,  
Red as the blood that coursed the tyrant's veins.  
Approved by deeds and acts of warlike fame,  
The early promise of yet greater things,  
Moderate in temper, prudent, firm, and wise  
Beyond his years, and of such courage known,  
As not with rashness vainly to press on,  
Nor yet by stronger obstacles opposed,  
Disheartened, easily delayed and turned,  
The younger Cæsar had been set apart,  
Commissioned by a power above the throne  
His father held ; and with his dread array  
Of horsemen, legions, cohorts, famed for skill,  
And all his mighty instruments of war,  
Prepared by ready hands that knew their art,  
His tents he pitched before the holy mount,  
Whose people still defied the gods of Rome.

Three walls enclosed Jerusalem around,  
And on the side which towards the north looked out

On Ephraim's hill, and where Mount Gerizim  
Was higher seen, a circling mountain range  
Of rock-ribbed granite reared its shaggy arms,  
Impregnable to every art of war.  
In front, Vespasian's soldiers marked their line  
From end to end of this great barrier strong,  
Digging their trenches, and in circuit wide  
Extending past the vale where Kedron ran.  
Upon the hill beyond, their camps they staked,  
And built a lofty tower, from which they held  
Command of all around. Light-armed troops  
Were scattered thick along its side, to guard  
The approaching way that to the city led;  
And where required, ditches were deeper sunk,  
To turn the water-courses, and cut off  
Whatever might be thence supplied. This all  
Was done for one great end. His practised eye  
Who moved the gathering hosts, full clearly saw  
That force of arms at best was thrown away  
In early conflict; therefore he prepared  
By surer means thus to invest the place,  
And turn against it that more fearful foe,  
Which worse than panoply of glittering arms,  
Or ranks of bristling spears in phalanx dread,  
Or might of thundering engines, most destroys  
The confidence of mortal hope, and makes  
Low-winged despair come brooding o'er the heart,  
Dark as the midnight shades. The starry signs  
Had not yet passed through their returning course,  
Before the outer wall went tumbling down;  
And closer round the enclosing lines were drawn,  
And nearer moved the towers and ponderous wheels,  
Slow dragged beneath the battering instruments  
Unweildy on their wains. At times were heard  
Resounding cries that came upon the air,  
When from within, night-rallying, the besieged  
In vain attempt would seek the Roman camp.  
And closer still the watchers at their posts

Beside the high-ways, out off all resource ;  
 And by the time the middle wall was rased,  
 Famine began its work. Nine moons had changed,  
 Since by the gates or in the market place,  
 Was sign of aught that nourished human life ;  
 And all the stores once filled, were drawing low,  
 Nor rain came down from heaven. Of carrion things  
 A feast was made, and things that creeping walked,  
 Or burrowed in the ground, or filthier crawled,  
 Where in the ditches refuse rotting lay,  
 Making offensive smells. In the long streets  
 Were haggard faces seen with sunken cheeks,  
 And eyes that wildly glared ; the temple courts  
 Were thronged with crowds of withered, skeleton  
 forms,

A walking mass of bones, that seemed to sound  
 Like rattlings from the grave ; and daily there  
 Along the streets they fell, and on their flesh  
 Brother and friend turned cannibal ; yea,  
 Even with bloody hands they fought, and made  
 Fresh victims for the maw of living death.  
 The starving mother slew her famished child,  
 And drank its blood ; remorse, and fear, and shame,  
 Love, pity, feeling, hope, had all expired.  
 Yet even then was faction with its hydra-head,  
 Rampant among the shaking bones, as if  
 There were not foes enough around the walls,  
 Or e'en within, to do the work of death.  
 And last of all, in this dark, midnight hour,  
 When heaven itself was shut against their cries,  
 And on the very altar of their faith,  
 The fires had long gone out, they sought a sign.

And still the work went on. That day the sun  
 So clear came up above the eastern hills,  
 The Roman camp was moving, as though news  
 Of some expected signal had been given :  
 And now with quicker step the cohorts tread,  
 And armed battalions from the hills beyond

Seem gathering near around. The battering force  
Is labouring slowly with its cumbrous load,  
And by degrees more close they move along,  
And o'er the fragments of the middle wall,  
Huge rolling towards the eastern gate, the gate  
Called Beautiful, they pass. Now from behind,  
Four massive towers are seen approaching near,  
New built, with perfect strength of art complete,  
Such as were later by experience found  
In adaptation fitted for the place  
Of those before destroyed; and on their tops  
Were rows of men with instruments designed  
To work in various ways; all answering still  
One great, determined end. A dreadful pile  
Of sheer destruction, such as never yet  
Was known in war, belching out near and far,  
Red, molten masses, hissing fiery hot,  
And bursting loud in flames unquenchable,  
Appalling stoutest hearts. The moving throng  
Of armed cohorts which before had formed  
Around one central point, now wheeled away,  
And followed where the battering towers were placed.  
In perfect line and order they advanced,  
Their arms and armour glittering in the sun,  
And silken banners floating to the winds.  
Last came the imperial chariot, where was seen  
The Roman Cesar in his purple robes;  
Above him rose the eagle, blue and gold,  
And as he came, the soldiers caught the sign,  
And with loud noise and acclamations high,  
He passed among the legions, and sat down  
Before the city gate. Within the walls was heard  
A confused noise and murmur, louder grown  
As through the streets the haggard forms were seen  
With their lack-lustre eye-balls staring wild;  
And fearful pressing at the dread alarm  
That silenced faction, crowded to the gate  
Where that vast blazonry of western war

Now silent gathered, waiting for the sign,  
 The signal of destruction's latest doom.  
 Upon the towers, the bristling armament  
 Frowned threatening, like the thunder cloud that  
     hangs  
 Suspended when the air is still ; around,  
 Cohorts and legions seeming breathless stood,  
 Calm as the unseen power that lurks behind  
 The tempest's dun portentous ; all were there,  
 Motionless in the slanting rays that fell  
 Full on their armour from the western heavens.  
 Silent they stood, without the walls, within ;  
 A dreary, ominous pause, in which the thought  
 Went backward o'er long years of vanished time,  
 And memory rose, and crowded in an hour  
 The history of the past ; like dying men  
 Rescued from drowning, who beneath the waves  
 Unconscious, feel within their nervous brain  
 A mighty theatre expand, where rise  
 All recollections of the life that was,  
 Distinctly vivid, brightly moving there  
 In panorama of the human soul.  
 Before, it had been written, In those days  
 There shall be signs and wonders, men with fear  
 Shall turn aside, and on the earth shall come,  
 And in the air, omens and auguries dire.  
 Now in the air were armed chariots seen,  
 And winged hosts that wheeled on fiery steeds,  
 In battle darkening where the sunlight came,  
 And swept away, and fighting disappeared.  
 Around the city wall was heard the voice  
 Of one who naked ran ; his arms he threw  
 Wildly above him, and with clenched palms  
 Beat on his breast, still striking as he ran.  
 He came unseen, from whence and how, unknown,  
 And friend or kindred none was there to claim.  
 Full in the middle track, before the place  
 Where stood the imperial chariot, he appeared ;

A moment paused, and with uplifted hands,  
Turned towards the standard eagle blazoned high,  
And as from one to whom a spirit comes,  
Rung startling clear a cry of hollow sound—  
From the four winds a voice, and from the west ;  
A voice against the bridegroom and the bride,  
Against the temple and Jerusalem,  
A voice against this people ; woe, woe, woe !  
And onward took his course. Six times he ran  
In compass round the wall, and with his hands  
Waving and beating, loudly shouting cried,  
Woe unto thee Jerusalem, woe woe !  
Seven times he ran, and as the circuit closed,  
More wildly frantic, round his arms he swung,  
All skin and bone, and his lank fingers shook  
Loosening within their sockets, and his voice  
In agony most fearful, shrieking rose,  
Crying, Woe, unto thee, Jerusalem,  
And to myself, woe, woe ! and as he cried,  
A stone came down, and crushed him where he stood.  
Above the temple dome, whose gilded roof  
Lay dazzling in the sunbeams, there was heard  
Strange motions as of wings that fluttered round,  
Cleaving the air ; and voices no man knew  
Spoke, as if calling in beseeching tone.  
And straight were seen, passing out wondrous bright,  
Above the pinnacle, the cherubims,  
Who o'er the altar spread their golden wings.  
Slow circling in the air, they silent turned,  
And for a time with hovering pinions hung,  
In sorrow lingering in the thicker dun  
That dimmed their brightness ; then the sound was  
heard  
Just heard before ; invisible the wings  
Moved on the air ; and from on high, above  
The pinnacle, one said, Let us depart ;  
And took their flight, and wheeled away towards  
heaven—

The signal waved above the Roman host.

Then moved the towers beyond the rampart fosse,  
The battering rams and engines loosed their slings,  
One sound of gathering multitudes rose,  
One shout went up along the hostile lines,  
And all the bloody work of death begun.

Within a solitary hut that stood  
Close by the temple gates, and rather seemed  
A place where had been heaped, in odours foul,  
Whatever most offends the sense, and brings  
By contact or contagion, shapes abhorred  
Of plague, or pestilence, or sickness dire ;  
Upon a bed of miserable straw,  
If bed it might be called, which living swarmed  
With loathsome, creeping things, there crouched a  
form

Of such attenuated skeleton shape,  
That death in vain had sought to reach his mark.  
In mortal agony he seemed to lay,  
And muttering uttered an unconscious prayer,  
For what could never be. Over his cheeks  
Long matted hair of snowy whiteness fell,  
Filling their sunken hollows, and his jaw  
Hung in its sockets, wanting power to move.  
Full seventy years before, while on his way  
Beyond the city bounds, he met with one  
Bearing a heavy burden ; him he mocked ;  
But never, from that hour, could he forget  
The smile ineffable which those mild eyes  
Returned on him ; and since by night or day,  
No peace was on his conscience, self-condemned,  
In memory of that look divine, which still  
He saw, as mild as when at first it came  
Bending on him ; and now on this last day,  
The first revolving cycle had expired.  
While thus he lay, a startling sound was heard  
That seemed to shake the heavens ; his eyes he  
turned

Glazed in their orbits, and the tremulous stir  
That waits on dissolution long delayed,  
Stole through his limbs ; and thus, while on a point,  
Life quivering seemed to hang, high over all  
That outward sounded, noise of thundering arms,  
And crash of gates, and bellowings of the mass  
That heated on the air, and loud around  
Exploded in a shower of shooting flame,  
Above the din, distinct this voice was heard—  
On to thy destination, travel on—  
And he arose, and all his youth returned,  
Old age was stripped of his habiliments,  
And in a moment, in his eye was seen  
Such living light as years before had passed ;  
With waving ringlets for his silvered locks,  
And wrinkles smoothed to fairest softness now.  
O'er dead and dying men he travelled on,  
And wasted forms that flew along the streets ;  
Through flying stones, and darts, and balls of fire,  
Through glittering arms and streaming banners  
high,  
Through ranks of horse and chariots rolling on,  
And thicker joining in the dreadful war,  
O'er Jew and Roman, straight his course he took  
To where before the thundering engines strong,  
The eastern gate had fallen ; and out he passed,  
Nor helm, nor mail, nor shield, nor phalanx, stayed  
His progress, travelling thus—and travelling still.  
Emblem he is, by fancy's pencil drawn,  
Of punishment reserved, most fit for those  
Hereafter found like him, whose hell shall be  
Immortal memory of those blacker deeds,  
Which, rising unprovoked, must follow still  
Each path of life ; and doubling in their course,  
In one eternal circle pressing round,  
Forever and forever travel on—  
He reached the outer Roman station, there  
One moment turned, and from Mount Calvary,



Looked back upon the city ; as he looked,  
There came a sound louder than that he heard  
Before the temple gate. Like as the noise  
Of earthquakes rumbling in their sudden shock,  
When the last agony of mortal woe  
Is mingled with the elemental war,  
One universal shriek went up to heaven,  
One loud, despairing cry. The Temple burns !  
Oh city of the living God most high !  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, behold,  
Heaven has departed ! now thine hour is come,  
Thy glory gone, and desolate thy house.

THE END.

## MILTON'S DREAM.

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The leaves in Vallombrosa lay  
Like sands upon the wild sea-shore ;  
And in the soft, autumnal day,  
Their silver light the sunbeams pour.

Beneath the winds that gently played,  
Nature half robed, in beauty lies :  
A blended depth of sun and shade,  
Known only to Italian skies.

The brook glides on with murmuring sound,  
Its waters laughing as they run ;  
Now kissed by bending shrubs around,  
Or tossed by pebbles to the sun.

It was a place like that of old,  
Where all delights the garden yields ;  
By elder poets dreamed and told  
In fables of Elysian fields.

And as the hours drew on apace,  
And higher rose the orb of day,  
On fallen leaf and waving bough,  
More soft his brightness seemed to lay.

One spot there was, where lofty trees,  
High overarched, a shade imbower ;  
Most fit it seemed, and formed to please  
Gay Fancy in her dreaming hour.

Here where the turf was strewn with leaves,  
His head reclining on his hand,  
Was one whose form and features wore,  
The impress of a foreign land.

His looks bespoke that fair haired race  
Of old, Teutonic lineage sprung ;  
The flowing curls that veiled his face,  
Round from his parted forelock hung.

His fair, large front majestic seemed,  
His lips revealed love's rosy hue :  
A mild, angelic softness beamed  
Deep in his eyes of heavenly blue.

The dreamy airs that murmured round,  
Through all his limbs voluptuous crept ;  
Gently his head fell to the ground,  
And soul and sense together slept.

And still the murmuring airs arise,  
And now they grow distinct and clear ;  
From the pure sky a spirit voice,  
Called to him in his dreaming ear :

Awake, awake, rise up and come,  
For thou shalt wander far with me ;  
In yon bright fields where lies my home,  
Visions of glory thou shalt see.

All things in heaven and all on earth,  
Before thine eyes shall stand revealed,  
With power to tell their wondrous birth,  
Yet still in silence holy sealed.

But lest thy spirit prove too strong,  
To thee, the choice is freely given,  
This charge to keep, or if thou failest,  
Thine eyes shall lose the light of heaven.

And straight a rushing sound was heard,  
On angel's wings they seemed to rise :  
Nought else of song, or voice, or word,  
Disturbed their journey to the skies.

Nor staid their course, till full in view,  
The pearly gates of heaven shone bright ;  
Far, far beyond the ethereal blue  
That veils and limits mortal sight.

And on the Lake's enamelled shore,  
Where flowers immortal bloom, they stood :  
Drawn from the crystal brook that flows  
Fast by the oracles of God.

Those strains of music round him then  
Through the clear empyrean rung,  
Heard only once before, but when  
Of old the sons of morning sung.

And with them in full chorus joining,  
Those other glorious sounds he hears,  
From all the spinning worlds combining,  
The ringing of the crystal spheres.

Seraphic chants symphonious rung  
To golden harps that never cease :  
The choir in halleluiah's sung,  
Their singing as the sound of seas.

Ranged in degrees and orders fair  
They stood around the burning throne ;  
Veiling their face to Him whose skirts  
Dark with excessive brightness shone.

And low they bowed before the Love  
Only-begotten at his side :  
The glorious presence of Him to whom  
The Everlasting Doors swung wide.

There hung, without a line or chain,  
The golden compasses, the span,  
Through which, as spoke the Eternal Word,  
Creation's utmost circle ran.

Then on the burning lake awoke,  
The Leader of those armies bright,  
Whose shout in Pandemonium broke  
The reign of Chaos and old Night.

And with him rose the bannered host  
Up from the surging, fiery flood :  
And on the wild and weltering coast,  
Their glory withered, faithful stood.

More countless than the heroic race  
That since at Thebes and Ilium fought,  
Mixed with the famed Titanian brood,  
The fabled gods auxiliar brought ;

Or who on Fontarabbia's plain.  
Paynim and Christian, battled well ;  
That bloody day, when Charlemain  
With all his dauntless peerage fell.

Here too, the fuelled, mineral hill,  
Belched out its ore with rumbling sound ;  
From whence the fretted fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation round.

Built by him in heaven once known,  
The least erected spirit there :  
Whose downcast eyes were turned upon  
Its golden streets and pavements fair.

Thrown sheer from heaven by angry Jove,  
As ancient fables have their birth ;  
And tumbling all a summer day,  
Dropped like a falling star on earth.

This erring they relate, not true,  
For with the rebel rout he fell ;  
And all his grim, industrious crew,  
Were headlong sent to build in hell.

And in the great high palace hall,  
Whose pillared front the dome uprears,  
Obedient to their Leader's call,  
Assembled stand the Stygian Peers.

Him sceptred king, fiercest and worst  
Of all who dared that dreadful fall;  
Who rather than not be the first,  
Indifferent cared to be at all.

And he, more graceful and humane,  
The fairest once of spirits pure,  
Rejecting though in fiery pain,  
Annihilation's most sad cure.

With aspect grave last he arose,  
Who second to the Arch-traitor sat;  
With Atlantean shoulders broad,  
His rising seemed a pillar of state.

His face with princely counsel shone,  
Majestic, though in ruin there;  
Attention still as night he drew,  
Or summer noontide's slumbering air.

And now to hear their Leader's voice,  
The hosts close round in circles deep;  
Thrice he essayed to speak, and thrice  
Burst forth such tears as angels weep.

Their rising, when at once they rose,  
Sounded like thunder heard remote;  
The signal of earth's mortal woes,  
Hatched in this grand, infernal plot.

Oh shame to men, that devils damned,  
Thus league with devils close allied;  
Men war with men, as if they knew  
They had no hellish foes beside.

Now with swift wing and high design,  
The Fiend, far off pursues his flight;  
And on the right and left hand coast,  
Explores the void profound of night.

There stand the nine-fold gates, close barred,  
Impaled with fires that circling wreath;  
Beside whose postern sills sat Sin,  
Sin, and her black attendant, Death.

The bolts they loosed, the infernal doors  
Grating harsh thunder, open flew:  
But which again to shut, essayed  
More than their strength or cunning knew.

Here the old Anarch sat retired,  
Enthroned with sable-vested Night:  
Whose voice as umpire, oft required,  
Still more and more embroiled the fight.

There lay the Limbo large, long trod  
By those who learned in Folly's schools;  
Far o'er the back side of the globe,  
Since called, the Paradise of Fools.

Then on the Sun's effulgent face,  
That spot of darkness first was known,  
Which since to man's most curious eye,  
His optic tubes have never shown.

And he within that orb so bright,  
Who held his seat as Regent there,  
Not all his sharpness could detect  
The hypocrite's deceitful air.

And yonder, in a golden chain,  
Earth hung, in bigness as a star;  
Whose building Chaos and his train  
In bright procession followed far.

And all the worlds that circling move  
Orb after orb, in spheres sublime;  
And all the constellations thick,  
In starry dances measuring time.

A verdurous wall sprung round the place  
Which first of earth man's footstep trod;  
That pleasant spot, where face to face,  
Naked he saw, and talked with God.

All plants that most delight the eye,  
In wild luxuriance flourished there;  
The birds their tuneful choir apply,  
And breathe in song the vernal air.

Old Pan, through all the shades and bowers,  
Arrayed his crew in merry ring;  
And with the Graces and the Hours,  
Led on in dance the eternal Spring.

High stood the Tree of Life, most fair,  
From heaven removed to Eden's mould;  
Its branches waving in the air,  
Blooming ambrosial fruits of gold.

And underneath the flowery shade,  
A figure near the fountain drew;  
And bending down, and starting back,  
Returned, well pleased itself to view.

Here naked, hand in hand, were they,  
The loveliest pair that ever yet,  
For all that poets sing or say,  
In love's embraces since have met.

Near him the youthful cohorts play,  
Whose seat the rocky pillars hold;  
Celestial arms around them lay,  
With diamond flaming, and with gold.



O'er branching palms, and cedars tall,  
And tangled briers, and thorny wood—  
With one light leap, high o'er the wall,  
The first grand thief in Eden stood.

And now transformed, within the bower,  
He plies the woman's dreaming ear ;  
But soon himself upstarts, before  
The light touch of Ithuriel's spear.

Then might be heard, proud though in guilt,  
The arch apostate's scornful tone ;  
Knowing not one whom not to know,  
Confessed at once himself unknown.

There too the angelic squadron bright,  
In mooned horns turned fiery red ;  
And round they close their glittering ranks.  
With serried spears, in phalanx dread.

And still Hell's champion, bold and high,  
Like Teneriffe or Atlas loomed ;  
His giant stature reached the sky,  
And on his crest sat Horror plumed.

But when the golden scales were hung  
Near Astrea and the Scorpion bright,  
He knew aloft his balance swung,  
And murmuring fled with shades of night.

Now through the vast, ethereal sky,  
A bright-winged seraph glittering rode ;  
Down from his shining home on high,  
He came to Adam's fair abode.

A gentle smile his face illumes,  
And starry bands his robes divide ;  
Like Maia's son he shook his plumes,  
And filled with sweets the circuit wide.

He was the minister to whom  
The high commission had been given,  
To warn of secret danger come,  
And tell the famous wars in heaven.

He told how all the empyreal host  
Appeared before the Almighty throne;  
Orb within orb, in circuit deep,  
Ten thousand, thousand banners shone.

How Lucifer, once standing high,  
And shining as the morning star,  
The third part of the angelic powers,  
Drew off in bold and impious war.

In mails of golden panoply,  
Like swarming bees they gather round;  
And form in files and squadrons deep,  
Before the trumpet's pealing sound.

With arms on armour ringing loud,  
That shook the central heavens they close;  
In dubious battle still arrayed,  
Till the third sacred morn arose.

Then came ten thousand thunders, hurled  
From the fierce chariot orb'd in fire;  
Before the burning wheels dismayed,  
Rout upon rout, the hosts retire.

Down headlong from the skies they fell,  
Nine times the space of mortal day,  
And in the fiery gulf of hell,  
Confounded, though immortal, lay.

Thus Adam learned their dreadful doom,  
Who in rebellious arms arose;  
And so forewarned, might stand secure,  
Against all known or secret foes.

That was a dark and mournful hour,  
Dark, and in vision dimly shown,  
When Eve departed from the bower,  
To walk in Eden's paths alone.

Nor thence returned, till born of Sin,  
Death's shadow o'er her pathway crossed ;  
And nature sighing through her works,  
Gave signs of woe that all was lost.

Nor could the fallen spirits boast  
In hell, a triumph won like this ;  
But back returned through all their coast,  
A dismal, universal hiss.

Then as the morn blushed rosy red,  
The first eclipse of nature came,  
And bird and beast pursuing fled,  
First these, the hunter and the game.

Some further change seemed waiting nigh,  
Which thus by these mute signs was shown ;  
When from a train of jasper sky,  
A band of angels lighted down.

More glorious than what Jacob saw  
In Mahanaim's field of light ;  
Or what against the Syrian king,  
Appeared on Dothan's flaming height.

And one advanced before the rest,  
With starry helm unbuckled stood,  
Around his limbs a purple vest,  
Livelier than Melibœan, flowed,

And in our Parent's trembling ear,  
The stern decree of God he spoke ;  
Heart-sick and chilled like death to hear  
The sad and unexpected stroke.

But ere from Eden's walks they passed,  
The book of promise he unsealed,  
And on the hill of vision placed,  
To Adam future things revealed.

Whatever in the course of time  
Then was, or is, or yet should be,  
The sad effects of that first crime,  
His eyes in trance prophetic see.

All forms of men by passion swayed,  
And sickness' palled and wasting breath,  
And many shapes and ways that lead,  
All dismal, to the the cave of death.

And how the Almighty dealt with men  
In acts of mercy and of grace ;  
Turning from wrath to love again,  
Nor hiding, though provoked, his face.

And how through all the round, wide earth,  
In many tongues and tribes they spread,  
East, west, and south, and to the north  
In hosts by mighty conquerors led :

From Cambalu whose walls enclose  
The seat of old Cathaian Can :  
Where Greece in arts renowned arose,  
And Rome's proud empire circling ran ;

Far as unspoiled Guiana lay,  
On which the setting sunbeams rest,  
Since known to Geryon's sons, and called  
The El Dorado of the west.

But chief on earth he saw appear,  
Above all priests and prophets old,  
One whom in heavenly visions clear,  
Prophet and priest alike foretold.

To Him was given a victory,  
Through tears, and blood, and mortal strife;  
That by His dying death might be  
A wafting to immortal life.

Now to their seats in bright array,  
The cherubim of God came down;  
And high advancing in the way  
A glittering sword before them shone.

And when o'er all the eastern gate,  
It waved in terror flaming wide,  
They turned with wandering steps and slow,  
And passed through Eden side by side.

While yet the Vision round him lay,  
By breath, or touch, or voice unstirred,  
Far through the pure, ethereal day,  
A clear and ringing sound was heard.

It was the trump, heard once before,  
From Oreb's veiled and secret gloom;  
And to be heard perhaps once more.  
When sounding at the general doom.

And by a waft of fragrant air,  
A veil seemed lifted at his side;  
And in celestial likeness there,  
Before him stood his heavenly guide;

Who like a fold of summer showers,  
By the sun's brightness pierced and riven,  
Full clad in Iris robes appeared,  
Prince of Archangels known in heaven.

Immortal beauty round him spread,  
With radiant smiles in every look;  
A crown of stars was on his head,  
His wings ambrosial fragrance shook.

From him in brightness unexpressed,  
It seemed the light celestial ran;  
Gently he waved his starry crest,  
And thus in accents mild began.

To us, the praises of our King,  
From men on earth are ever dear;  
And all the songs of love they sing,  
Come up with glad acceptance here.

So we in heaven remembrance kept,  
Erewhile the royal Psalmist sung;  
By Babel's streams when Israel wept,  
And Sion's harps on willows hung.

Thy voice, well pleased we heard, what time  
Its song was of the winter wild;  
When in the east the wise men hailed  
The coming of the heaven-born Child.

Yet some through faith, aspire to lay  
Their hand upon the golden key,  
That turns the glittering gates before  
The palace of Eternity.

Like them, if found on earth, are they,  
Who still in patience waited long;  
The rest thou knowest; if such thy choice,  
Thine be the darkness and the song.

He ceased, and from Life's well distilled,  
Three crystal water-drops he drew;  
And in his eye-lids deep instilled,  
Clear purged with euphrasy and rue.

And this, he said, if still in song,  
Thy spirit pants with struggles vain,  
New strength shall give, that so thou mayest,  
In visions of God ascend again.

Scarce in his ear these words were spoke,  
When with soft sighs his bosom heaves ;  
And in the twilight shades he woke,  
By Vallombrosa's brooks and leaves.

Far from the land of sunny skies,  
He seeks his northern home again :  
And sterner scenes bfore him rise,  
Among the blue-eyed race of men.

For he had fallen on evil days,  
On evil days and full of fear ;  
All coming scenes in shadowy maze,  
Big with eventful signs appear.

These things might startle, not astound,  
Where constant hearts true courage bear ;  
So was he ever faithful found,  
Nor bowed the knee to Baal there.

Through all the changes of the hour,  
Nor smiles, nor frowns his course could sway ;  
While darkness broods and tempests lower,  
And crown and sceptre pass away.

Yet still would memory travel back,  
Still would his spirit soar on high,  
And wander up the heavenly track,  
To dream immortal in the sky.

And long in doubt and fear he staid,  
Nor could he quite the charge forget ;  
For earth her thousand charms displayed,  
And suns and flowers were smiling yet.

But oft as time and years went by,  
And friend were false and faithless found,  
His soul to that blest dream would fly,  
And join the heavenly harpings round.

And so, as if in second birth,  
She came to put all fear away ;  
Who would not lose his sight on earth,  
To bask in heaven's eternal day ?

His eyes, true to the promise given,  
Received the radiance inward cast :  
Full in the noontide blaze of heaven,  
The Poet to his blindness passed.

And like when sleeping in the shade,  
Once more the murmuring airs arise ;  
And all the Vision stands displayed,  
He dreamed beneath Italian skies.

Again those strains of music rung,  
Those glorious sounds again he hears ;  
The songs the sons of morning sung,  
The ringing of the crystal spheres.

It was the prophet's holy fire,  
Burning and glowing wondrous strong ;  
With rapid hand he struck the lyre,  
And all his spirit woke in song.

- Its strings he tuned to harmony,  
Untaught the stops and chords he knew ;  
Through all proportions, low and high,  
His volant touch instinctive flew.

All, all its magic influence own,  
As Orpheus moved the rocks and trees ;  
Equal with him of old renown,  
The second blind Mæonides.

This is the Dream Urania sent,  
When called in meaning not in name ;  
Above what elder bards invent,  
Aonian or Olympic fame :



Revealed by him in song sublime,  
Who to the Vision veiled his eyes ;  
And ever to the end of time,  
Is called, the Bard of Paradise.

---

## THE ELM TREE.

Elm, beneath whose spreading branches,  
I at noon in peace reclining,  
Muse upon this grassy hillock,  
Fair thou standest to the sun ;  
Could each leaf its tale be telling  
Of the scenes that passed beneath them,  
Thou couldst fill a mighty volume,  
With things unrecorded now.

Here the youthful and the aged,  
Underneath thy arms have gathered,  
Wisdom's dear-bought treasures falling  
Dull on folly's idle ear.  
They who lived to fill these places,  
In their turn again repeating,  
All the sage advice their fathers  
Vainly told to them before.

Here was heard the merry laughter,  
And the voices clear and ringing,  
Like the silver waters leaping  
On their shining course away :  
Happy hearts beneath thee sported,  
Little dreaming of the changes  
Which would bow those hearts in sorrow,  
While thou standest strong as then.

Thou hast heard sweet revelations,  
Here when lovers held their trystings,  
Never tell them, elm tree, never,

Keep thy secrets to thyself.  
All the soft, endearing pledges,  
All the happy, trusting kisses,  
Fare-thee-wells and true forevers,  
Elm, I charge thee, tell them not.

Now amid the slumbrous silence  
Of this quiet noon in August,  
I have come to breathe a whisper  
Never breathed to aught before ;  
Let thy leaves that bloom the freshest,  
Give it to the gentlest breezes,  
That aloft their wings may bear it  
To the heaven's ethereal blue.

Mary—name of names most lovely,  
When thou know'st the one who wears it,  
Thou wilt never, never wonder,  
That I whisper thus to thee.  
Ever in my sunlight staying,  
Seems she like some shining spirit,  
From its happy, midway station,  
Guiding mortals to the skies.

Now I see her, fair and lovely,  
In her eyes what softness beaming,  
On her cheeks how purely mirrored  
All the graces of her mind.  
Round her neck of alabaster,  
Sunny, flaxen locks are straying,  
Like of old the Poet's mistress,  
Painted by the Rhodian's art.

Vision bright, aerial, fleeting,  
Now advancing, now retreating,  
Ever parting, ever meeting,

Seeming still to mock delight—  
By the spirit's deep, deep feeling,  
All the past again unsealing,  
All its bliss and woe revealing—  
Stay forever round my sight.

Take my secret, faithful keeper,  
Write it in the unwritten volume,  
Not with dying things and faded,  
But upon thy freshest green ;  
So, however far and absent,  
When I turn to thee in spirit,  
Thou wilt yield me back the treasure  
I have thus reposed with thee.

---

## A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

Return, O Spirit of the Past,  
Come back to life again ;  
Though bound by iron fetters fast,  
Break, break the dismal chain ;  
Return, from care and sorrow free,  
Bring back the pleasant hours with thee.

I've sought thee in the ancient wood,  
Where the waters murmur by ;  
I've called thee in the solitude,  
With evening's gentlest sigh ;  
Wilt thou not come to this sweet scene,  
Thou gloomy shade of what has been ?

Far in the depths of vanished years,  
I hear thy answering strain ;  
Oh dweller in a vale of tears,  
I cannot come again ;  
Thy days of mirth, thine hours of glee,  
Are buried all alike with me.

Why weep that thou hast past thy prime,  
Or dost thou fear to die ?  
Why mourn the wicked steps of time,  
Why live in vain ? ah why ?  
Thy spring's bright flowers, thy manhood's noon,  
Thy winter's age, all come too soon.

Why should the moments fleeting by,  
Leave vain regret behind ?  
Can earthly pleasures satisfy  
The longings of the mind ?  
Sure Love, and Hope, and Faith are given,  
To smoothe thy pathway on to heaven.

Thy dreams are idle ; let them pass ;  
Awake to better life ;  
The sands are running from thy glass ;  
Arm thee for sterner strife.  
The battle of thy life is brief,  
And death alone can bring relief,

Press onward, ever onward press,  
Thy warfare soon is o'er ;  
Thou can'st not make thy trials less,  
Thy triumphs shall be more.  
Each passing day, each hour shall be  
An earnest of thy victory.

All things while hastening to their doom,  
Their destined end fulfill ;  
E'en from the silence of the tomb,  
A voice is calling still ;  
Act, for the night is coming fast,  
Repentance ne'er recalls the past.

Life is the boon thy Maker gave,  
And here alone by faith,  
Can'st thou retrieve beyond the grave,  
The final blow of death ;  
Here, where the conflict was begun,  
The crowning triumph must be won.

Thus let each hour redeem the past,  
Till thy sure summons come ;  
And Faith grow brightest to the last,  
When God shall call thee home ;  
Then taking up thy heavenly crown,  
Thou thy war-weapons shalt lay down.

---

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, WRITE,  
FROM HENCEFORTH BLESSED ARE THE  
DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

I heard a Voice from Heaven which said,  
From henceforth, Blessed are the dead,  
Now sweetly sleeping in the Lord,  
Through faith in his eternal Word.

They rest from all the cares of life,  
From pain and envy, want and strife ;  
From doubts of love and dread of sin,  
From foes without and fears within.

They rest from earth's protracted war,  
And calm and deep their slumbers are ;  
Far on the silent, solemn shore,  
They hear its loud alarms no more.

They rest in that lone land of sleep,  
Where lie eternal shadows deep ;  
Through whose wide realm, no voice or sound  
Goes up to break the peace profound.

They passed through trials dark and strong,  
In hope and patience waited long,  
Pressed ever onward to the prize  
Of their high calling in the skies.

One walked awhile though wearily,  
Not lived, but rather seemed to be;  
[redacted] us like a gentle dream,  
[redacted] with morning's earliest gleam.

One came, and wrestled long and sore,  
And many a heavy burden bore;  
But like a setting sun, at last  
To his eternal rest he passed.

And as I stood their grave beside  
Who thus had lived, and thus had died,  
While it there received its trust,  
Earth to earth and dust to dust;

I heard a Voice from Heaven which said,  
From henceforth, Blessed are the dead;  
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest  
From all their labours; they are blest.

---

### THE SINGER.

A little bird sang in my ear  
A song of gladness rich and clear,  
Such as young hearts delight to hear.  
In that glad season of the year,  
When flowers begin to bloom;  
And in the soft and vernal prime,  
Low winds and leaves melodious chime,  
And rustle in unlettered rhyme  
To welcome bright-eyed spring; the time  
Of singing birds was come.

Beneath, with thoughtful step and slow,  
A boy was walking to and fro,  
And on his cheeks a crimson glow,  
And in his hands a bended bow,

And wings he seemed to wear ;  
He stopped, and looking in the tree,  
Ah, this will never do, said he,  
This song is not what it should be,  
The singer yet must learn of me,  
Such notes I cannot bear.

Then from his side a shaft he drew,  
Its point was dipped in honey-dew,  
His bow he bended strong and true,  
And straight and swift the arrow flew  
Full at the singer's throat.  
With sudden start and fluttering,  
Alarmed, in vain it tried to spring :  
Then turned, and as at evening,  
Folded its head upon its wing,  
And hushed its tuneful note.

---

### PRAISE.

Praise is the tribute given by Love  
To Him who formed our earth so fair ;  
All things around us and above,  
The impress of His glory wear.

Praise is the language of the heart  
When kneeling at the shrine of truth ;  
The streams from Nature drawn by Art,  
In rivers of perpetual youth.

Praise is an honour to the brow  
Where time has set his silver seal,  
With all life's hopes thick clustering now,  
That tongue can speak, or heart can feel.

Praise gives to youth a manly grace,  
A nobler pride of thought and mien;  
An inward lighting of the face,  
Which may be felt, though still unseen.

The silent air is full of praise,  
When cloudless sleeps the summer sky;  
And in the noon's effulgent blaze,  
The fields in tranquil beauty lie.

Night with her voices utters praise,  
It beams in every shining star:  
Forever with their golden rays  
Sparkling in beauty from afar.

Praise is the voice of ocean's wrath,  
Loud surging on the rocky shore;  
The torrent in its mountain path,  
Repeats the echo, I adore.

Praise is the soul's exalted theme,  
When earth and time are passed and gone;  
When we shall be not what we seem,  
But see and know as we are known.

Praise is the noblest anthem sung  
By angels round the heavenly throne;  
The harp of gold, forever strung  
To one triumphant, ceaseless tone.

Praise—all the mountains echo praise,  
The valleys and the dwellers there;  
Through the round earth, and sea, and air,  
In a full tide the song is poured.  
Praise—all the heavens re-echo praise,  
Their voice the constellations raise,  
And back resound, Praise ye the Lord.



## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Life, like a river deep and strong,  
Its ceaseless current rolls along,  
And bears us ever on its wave,  
Through storm and sunshine to the grave.

Oft on its shining banks are seen  
Bright summer flowers and leaves of green;  
And calm and smooth we seem to glide,  
Like vessels on the glassy tide.

And oft its silent waters sleep  
In channeled caverns dark and deep;  
While beetling crags above them frown,  
With moss and lichens overgrown.

Below, the banks spread wide away,  
Revealing meadows rich and gay,  
And not a ripple seems to break  
The crystal beauty of the lake.

Now storms come up, and waves run high,  
And toss their arms against the sky,  
And lightnings flash their lurid gleam  
Across the dark, tumultuous stream.

Again a change, and all is bright,  
The sea seems bathed in living light,  
While the vexed waves with sullen roar,  
Now gently break along the shore.

Of all the many living things,  
Who started from the river's springs,  
A myriad-tongued and banded train,  
Not one went up that stream again.

Some dropped unseen, but where and how,  
We knew not then, and know not now ;  
Some sought to reach the flowery shore,  
But failed, and so were seen no more.

And others waged a fearful strife,  
And battled long and well for life ;  
But one by one, each tattered sail,  
Went down before the driving gale.

Thus shall its waters ever run,  
Now in the shade, now in the sun ;  
And in their course no change shall be,  
Until they join the Eternal Sea.

---

## OVER THE FERRY.

Ueber diesem Strom, vor Jahren,  
Bin ich einmal schon gefahren.

Once, in years long past and buried,  
O'er this water I was ferried ;  
Here on castle, rock, and river,  
Fall the evening shades as ever.

And beside me, in the wherry,  
Two dear friends then crossed this ferry ;  
One, a grave and thoughtful brother,  
Strong in youth and hope, the other.

One toiled on, with Faith before him  
And the grave closed peaceful o'er him ;  
While his comrade, bold, free-hearted,  
In the battle strife departed.

Thus when through the past I wander,  
And its happy days would ponder,  
Must I miss loved friends and cherished,  
Who by death's fell hand have perished.

This is friendship ne'er deceiving,  
Soul and soul together cleaving;  
Happy were those spirit-greetings,  
Happy still our spirit-meetings.

Take then, Boatman, thrice I owe thee,  
Here this coin I offer to thee;  
For unseen with me thus carried,  
Two bright spirits thou hast ferried.

---

### ONWARD NOW.

Onward now, should be our motto,  
All the elements are moving,  
Every bright example calls us  
    Onward, onward to the goal.  
Earth is yielding up her treasure,  
Fire and water are our agents,  
And as if to scale the heavens,  
    We have called the lightnings down.

Mind is all afloat around us,  
Stirring with its ceaseless motion  
Every secret depth of nature,  
    From the centre to the pole.  
E'en the mystic tie uniting  
Soulless clay and subtle spirit,  
Seems a second revelation  
    Moulded to a mortal's will.

In the past there lies a lesson,  
Often read, but seldom heeded,  
From its depths a voice is calling,  
Thou wilt soon be with us here ;  
As the leaves in autumn falling,  
As the waters sea-ward flowing,  
As the evening and the morning,  
Thou shalt be a thing that was.

Onward, onward then, remembering  
How the moments swift are passing,  
Action—write it on thy banner—  
Life is action, action life.  
Move, when all things round are moving,  
Strike, while yet the fire is burning—  
Would'st thou die with armour girded,  
Act while living, life is short.

---

## NIAGARA.

Again I stand above the maddening rush  
Of these dark waters ; once again I come,  
As in those twelve revolving years whose course  
Has swifter passed, perhaps for me as deep  
Beneath the surface, where no daylight comes,  
Or glimmering of the eastern morning star,  
To hail the rising sun. Not less for that,  
The power of living beauty upward springs,  
And from the dreaming slumbers of the soul,  
Awakes again by thee ; awakes again,  
To follow still sublimely on the path,  
Where nature's footsteps deepest now are seen  
Among the rocks of time. The wilderness  
Of old, rung with the same eternal base,  
Its anthem rising in the shades made dark

By the Great Spirit's presence, he, whose sons  
 With moccasined feet trod silent to the sound,  
 The thunder of his voice. And silence now  
 Comes over all emotions crowding here,  
 When first the eye takes in the fearful depth,  
 And follows with the ever-flowing mass,  
 Down, down amid the boiling foam below ;  
 While the soul rises on the spray that floats,  
 Silent above the deafening surge, in spans  
 By Iris wove of seven-fold arches bright,  
 And from the visible, outward power of God,  
 Goes nearer to his presence, with the sign  
 Of living worship on its unseen wings,  
 And lays its offering by the altar there.

Thus would I come once more ; thus would I stand  
 Mute in His presence who is speaking now,  
 For ages has been speaking with the voice  
 Of many tones, deep falling on my ear.  
 One sound is in them all continually,  
 One great, majestic cry is rising up  
 From the dark whirlpool ; and the eye that loves  
 To trace the harmonies of nature's page,  
 Will read the symbol with believing heart,  
 And from its language, treasure up a thought  
 Of that long life-time which beyond the flood  
 Of mightier waters, distant yet appears.  
 Within the cave of rushing winds I stand,  
 On this dark ledge, darkness above, below,  
 Save where the brighter sun with straining ray  
 Seems luminously dim in the green light  
 That struggles down from the oblique obscure.  
 There is no sound or voice among us here ;  
 We feel a mighty presence ; what a whirl  
 Of life is tumbling from above, far thrown,  
 Pitching in utter darkness, trailing up  
 Long, misty messengers on humid wings,  
 That round and round are wheeling, wheeling still.  
 Look down, look up, the eye, the heart is full.

Look through those waters ; in their strength they  
stand,

A solid arch that never seems to move,  
Built on the rock, its span forever sure.

Let me, while here I stand in silent thought  
Poring on this great volume, let me feel  
All that by language cannot be expressed.  
Unwritten characters are marked around,  
Which to the mind may be transferred, as light  
Paints pictures on the eye ; and far away,  
When memory with her outlines dim recalls  
The shadows of the past, these shall arise  
Unchanged as thou, here fresh as when thou camest  
First from the hand of Him who formed thee thus,  
And gave thee life, and beauty was thy name.  
Great Spirit, thou that movest on the face  
Of these dark waters, unto thee I bow,  
And veil my face before thee, laying here,  
My finger on my lips.

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## ARNOLD'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM THE UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY OF MAJOR ANDRE.

The deed is done ; Arnold's a traitor now,  
False to his friends, his country, and his fame.  
Who speaks of conscience ? let the viper bite,  
He gnaws a file. Traitor to whom ? to men ;  
To him, proud rebel chief, whose calm, cold eye  
Looks through this atmosphere of cloudy war  
Like frosted stars on vapours from the earth  
Congealed by steams of ice ; now seated there  
In the small consequence of half-fledged pride,  
A stripling hero, whom to-morrow's chance  
May hurl from his rebellious height, as low

As those dark exhalations, which in damps  
Of pestilential air precipitate,  
Lie in night-hollows, and in secret veins  
Beneath the earth, mephitic oft are found,  
Nor will endure the light. Is it for me  
To trifle now with such uncertain things,  
When clear before my eyes the path is marked,  
Straight towards the goal I ever longed to reach?  
Where height of human happiness is found  
Stored in the treasured chest; the secret power  
That gives activity to life, that moves  
The heart of kings, and like the talisman  
Of eastern genii, opens every lock,  
And with its silent wand slow circling, guides  
Passions and thoughts where virtue's self is throned.  
How stand the chances? what have I to lose?  
If unsuccessful, better to have been  
Among the lowest found, than rather thus,  
In proud pre-eminence oppose a power,  
Whose haughty spirit never would descend  
To treat with rebels, or at best would make  
Such terms of peace as only could be wrung  
From abject servitude, submission full,  
All hope forever barred, save what might be  
Included in oblivious acts; by which  
In royal clemency is meant no more,  
Than that by special writ in kindness given,  
Dying may be made easy, which for some,  
Perhaps might be more glorious than to live.  
But after all the crown of martyrdom,  
To me looks brighter on the historic page,  
Than in this doubtful distance; there are scenes  
Heroic called, I would sit down and read  
With all becoming warmth of patriot blood,  
Rather than take especial pains to add  
One name less worthy to the honoured list  
Which school-boys know. Ah, honour stalks up here,  
A crowd of noisy phantoms, empty shades,

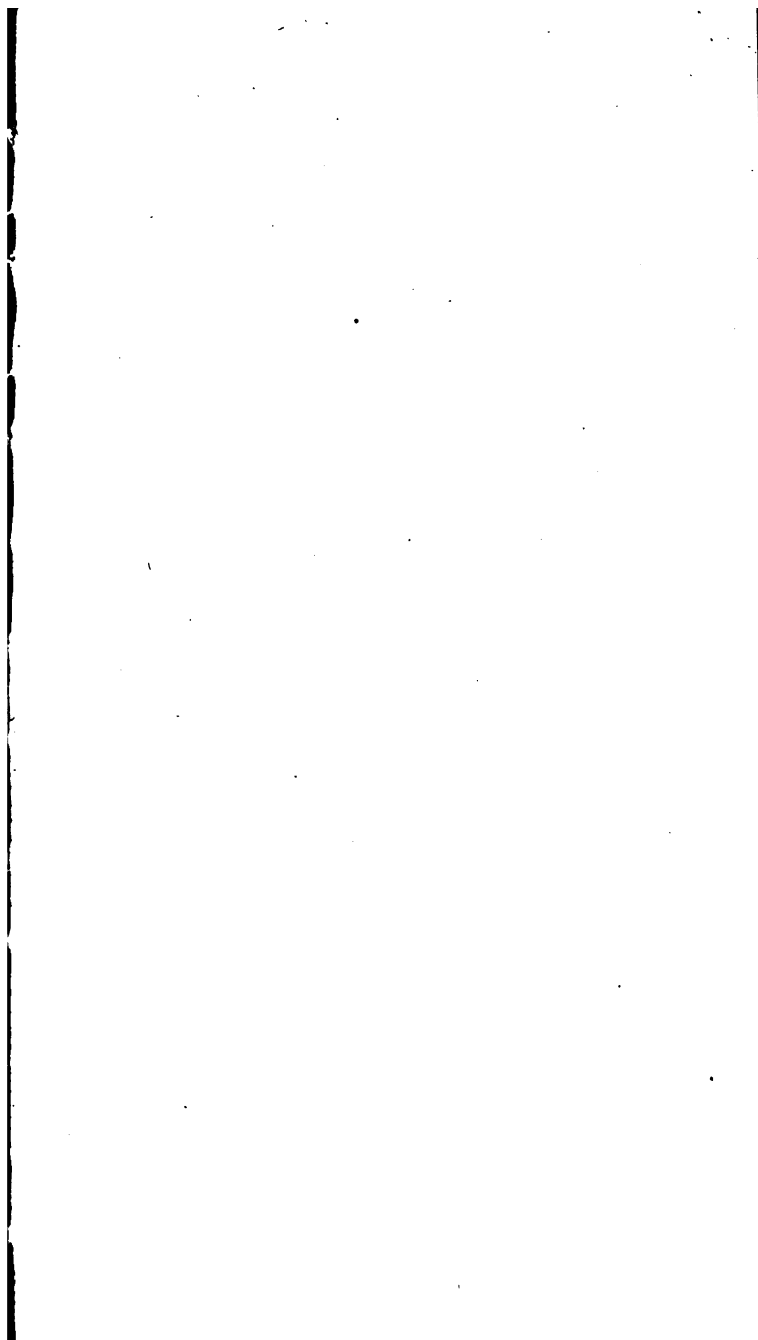
That live unseen in sunbeams, conjured up  
By sickly thought, in midway station placed,  
To frighten like chimeras, and maintain  
A foolish conflict with relentless fate,  
When all the spokes and felloes of her wheels  
Are downward turned. So let them pass—  
Give me the power to be, and not the name,  
Give me the mighty lever, the great beam  
Which makes its resting place, not merely finds,  
And stronger than the old man with his lines  
And figured circles, in this shattered limb  
Honour may pillowed sleep, while I shall stand  
Secure though fortune frowns, nor care what course  
May be decreed by circumstance or time  
To end this struggle of rebellious war,  
So but for me the golden gates swing wide.  
Then England, take thy bargain; let the love  
I bear thee, in the measured balance hang;  
And for the nerve to meet the mocking smile,  
I see thy badges wave; no stalking shapes  
Cross hands before their colours, or aside  
Start back with motions of portentous sign.  
The skies look bright, the stars propitious seem,  
All phantoms vanish, now the die is cast.



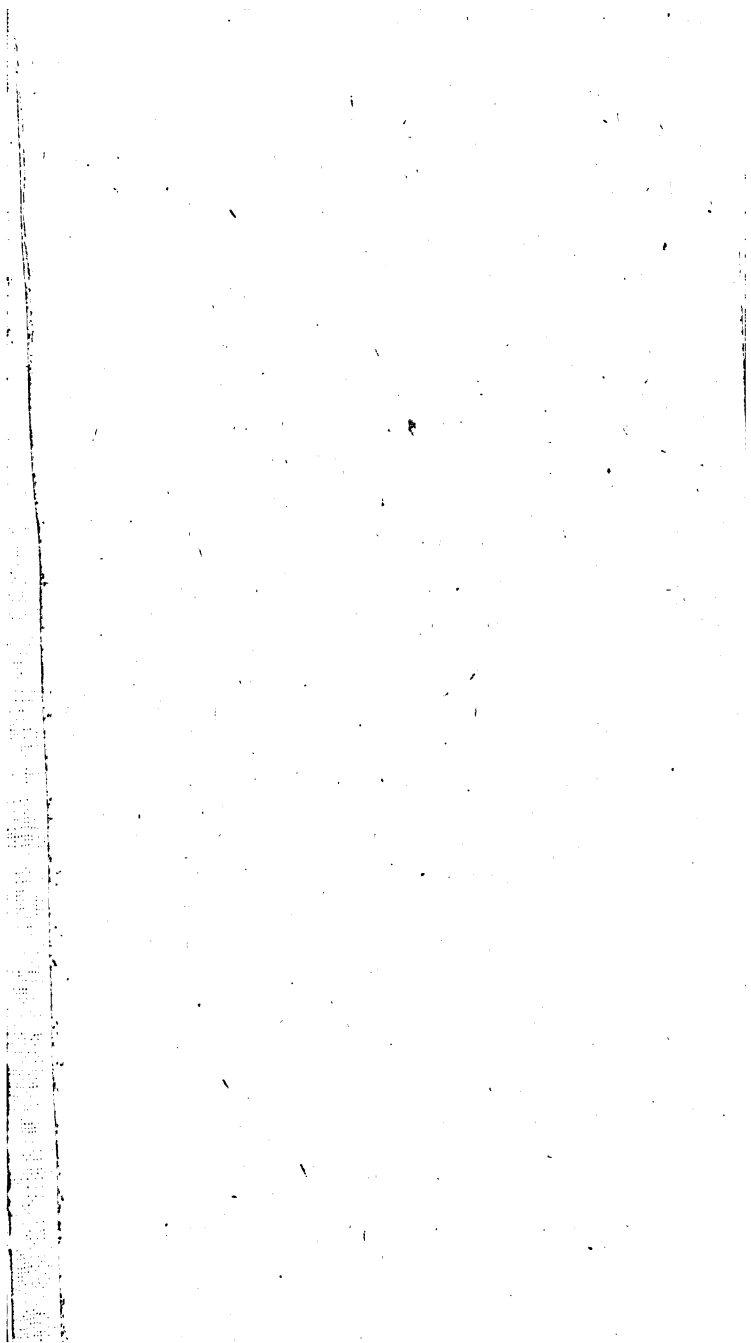


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taken from the Building**

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